

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, . . . Editor and Proprietor
T. A. WALTON, . . . Business Manager

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DOUBLE NUMBER.

SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

The Changes That Twenty Five Years Have Wrought in Huestonville and Vicinity.

(From the Interior Journal.)

To those who are yet in the hey-day of youth a season like this is one of happy memories, and blithe hope, and general joyousness. Nor do we condemn those whose free unbounded spirits spring outward and upward responsive to the glad music of youth and health and hope and social nature. It was not intended that man should be a cheerless anchorite nor a solitary dreamer. The earth was formed and furnished and decorated in reference not only to his sustenance, but also to his enjoyment. Hence we love to lay down for a time the weary load of care, dash the soil-drops from the brow, recall the days when we too, were young and joyous, and add our quavering shout to the general jubilee.

But this is only a faint flickering up of the palmy lights of the fondly remembered past. As the evening shadows become perceptibly lengthened on the dial of our life-day—as the memories of the past, the realities of the present, and the indications of the future are all attuned in unison, and the burden of their song is: "Fading away," we of necessity find our minds dwelling on other themes than those of festivity and mirthfulness.

Then will not one or two of those who have witnessed many a Christmas revelry, sung the requiem of many a buried year, and hailed the advent of many a promising successor with shouts of gladness—will not a few such pause with me to-day, and cast a glance upon the waste that time has made in its stealthy progress, and note the ruins that mark the impress of its silent foot-falls? To do this we need no world-wide survey. In every hamlet, in every village, in every neighborhood, in every family, the record is traced with startling distinctness. Let each then look over his own peculiar locality and note the changes of the last third of a century.

Burns once introduced an essay with the contingency: "Perhaps it may turn out a Sang—Perhaps turn out a Sermon." I feel a like uncertainty as to this article. It is not my purpose to make it funeral; and still there is a persistent raven carving in my brain and suggesting sepulchral images and monumental inscriptions.

But to the point. I have been casting my eyes to-day over this portion of the county and contrasting its present aspect with that in 1847 when I first became acquainted with it. This was then a safe, comfortable, intelligent and thriving community. Few were such as could be called wealthy, but most were independent. The stately homesteads of former generations had descended each along its peculiar line, and each sheltered the posterity of its projector.

Since that time every building in the village, with the single exception of Frank Kaufman's shop, has passed into other hands. Kaufman himself and Mrs. T. C. Goode are the only surviving house keepers of that period. But it is not in the town only, but in the surrounding country too that this change becomes apparent. You may take the village as a centre and with a radius of five miles sweep the surrounding territory and you will find that nearly every old homestead within the circumference has slipped away from the original possessor. Joe Page, Bennett Cloyd and George Powell are the only persons so far as I know whose position has not changed. Mrs. Maggie McCormack, Mrs. W. C. Powell, Mrs. D. J. Alcorn and perhaps Mrs. Sally Bailey are the only other parties I can recollect as holding, even in part, their former homes.

But these are not the most striking changes. Many, very many of our most estimable citizens have met with financial disaster. In fact the few instances in which the children have inherited an unencumbered estate furnish only exceptions to the rule. Society has changed. The prestige of the old Kentucky home with its

lavish abundance—its easy enjoyment—its princely hospitality—has passed away. The railroad with rushing wheels transports us to the markets of the world and begets the desire for traffic. The telegraph with its electric breath has kindled the fever of speculation, and, perhaps, drawn us away from the rich returns to be won from the cultivation of our God given and glorious soil. The facilities for travel have brought our primitive and contented population into contact with the fashions, the follies and the vices of city life, and our simple and guileless style has been swallowed up in the insatiate vortex.

But more, even, than this. With our more intimate acquaintance with the ways of the world has grown a distaste for former things, and a desire to join the reckless race for giddy pleasure and ostentatious display. But what the pampered family of the assured millionaire might do, was found too heavy a burden for those who were compelled to wring out each day's supply by unremitting toil. Hence wearing anxiety, and crushing debt, and fainting energies, and ruined fortunes.

The lesson taught us in the last 25 years has been one of fearful difficulty. Well for us if we have consoled the page aright and gained wisdom from the terrible instruction. And we believe the lesson will not be lost. We have faith in Kentucky spirit. The new regime begins to be better understood; the new harness to fit more easily, and the wheels to roll more smoothly.

We close the ledger then with '82, feeling that with all his tricks and terrors he has been in the main passably honest in his dealings; and that while we may have been losers in point of pecuniary results we may flatter ourselves that we have won largely in the way of valuable experience. We would enter on the new account with the motto furnished by the dying countess: "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, God's and Truth's: Then if thou fallest thou fall'st a blessed martyr." J. A. B. Huestonville, Dec. 15.

Do Not Hurry Mr. Cleveland. A good governor of New York would be very apt to make a good President. After Grover Cleveland has proved himself to be a good Governor, there will be plenty of time for his enthusiastic admirers to push him as a candidate for the Presidency.

He was a most efficient Mayor of Buffalo. He can also congratulate himself that, on every occasion since his election when he has opened his mouth to address an audience, he has shown a most admirable comprehension of the principles of Democratic government.

But for all that, he is still but a colt. He has gone a comparatively short distance in the race of life. He is only a little more than forty years of age, and is still a bachelor.

When 1834 dawned, Gov. Cleveland will be a tried servant, an older man than he is now, and we hope he will be married. He can then be brought forward much more appropriately as a candidate for the Presidency than at the present time. Do not hurry him.—[N. Y. Sun.]

In what is claimed to be the most delicate pair of scales in the world, according to the account given in the scientific papers, the beam is made of rye-straw, and together with the pans, which are made of aluminum, weighs only fifteen grains. In the most delicate scales heretofore made the beam and pans weighed 68 grains—the beam being made of aluminum—and the instrument was capable of weighing to the one-thousandth of a grain. This new scale, however, weighs to the one ten-thousandth of a grain. A piece of hair one inch long, on being weighed with this wonderful apparatus, was found to represent the almost infinitesimal quantity of one thousandth of a grain.

Two Irishmen were asleep in the attic of a house which caught fire. One of them, in the hurry to escape, got his pantaloons on front side back and jumped in the street below. His companion seeing him falling all in a heap, called to him: "Whist, Jerry, are ye kilt entirely?" And Jerry, gathering himself up and discovering the strange adjustment of his garments aforesaid, shouted back: "Not entirely kilt, but upon me word I'm fatally twisted."

The average height of the Clark County Rifles is 5 feet 10 inches; average weight, 157 pounds. They are 45 in number, and all unmarried.—[Lexington Press.]

THE OWSELEY STOCK.

The Forefathers of the Present Numerous Family.

(For the Interior Journal.)

I am reliably informed about one hundred years ago, four brothers, William, Henry, Anthony and Daniel Owseley, and a half brother, Walter Williams, with two sisters, Patience and Lydia Owseley emigrated from Maryland and settled on Drake Creek, near Crab Orchard, Ky.

William Owseley settled on the place where J. E. Carson now lives. He was the father of Governor William Owseley, Andrew, Dr. Joel, Samuel, Thomas, Maj. Jonathan; and the wives of Henry Middleton, Henry Baughman and Henry Pearl.

Henry Owseley settled on the place where John Shanks lived when he was killed. He was the father of Thomas, Elsworth, Henry, (commonly called Harry) John (commonly called Jack), and Susan, who married William Harris.

Anthony Owseley settled near where George King now lives. He was the father of the wives of Herbert King, Stephen Williams, William Hamilton, Samuel Moore and William Hueston; also the father of William Owseley (called "Gilmore Tick Billy") and Bryan Y. Owseley.

Daniel Owseley settled where Geo. W. Evans now lives. He was the father of Seth, Levi, Hans P. and Holland, who married Thomas Stephenson, and Betsy who married James Burnett.

Patience Owseley married a Bledsoe, and was the mother of Moses, and Willis and A. Bledsoe. She afterwards married a Crow.

Lydia Owseley married a Hutchinson and was the mother of Elijah, Thomas and William Hutchinson.

It is proposed to make the father of William, Henry, Anthony, Daniel, Patience and Lydia, whose surname is not ascertained, but can be, the main trunk of an Owseley tree. The family is very numerous and scattered over the world.

John Elsworth Owseley, late of Chicago, J. S. and J. B. Owseley, of Lincoln, and Daniel Owseley, of Todd county, Ky., are thought to be the richest of the name and Mike Owseley Owseley is thought to be the smartest of the name now living.

The foregoing is made out from the recollection of a RELATIVE 73 years of age.

Crab Orchard, Dec. 1882.

MEXICAN CRUELTY.—An Austin man who made a prolonged trip through Mexico, gives us some interesting details of his trip. He says that when he was in the City of Mexico he was shown through some of the old buildings, convents and jails that were erected by the Spaniards. In the walls of one of these ancient buildings he noticed a small opening, and he naturally inquired of his Mexican guide what it meant. He was told that it was one of the buildings in which criminals were walled in alive.

"What is the use of that hole in the wall?"

"Well, Senor, you see, as long as the prisoner lived, his food was handed to him on a plate, and he handed the empty plate back, but when he handed the plate back with the food on it untouched, then the jailer knew that the prisoner was dead already, and didn't give him any more."—[Texas Siftings.]

The house in which Jesse James was killed, at St. Joseph, Mo., is now occupied by its owner, an old lady. The room in which the bandit was slain remains in the condition in which it was left after the consummation of the deed, even to the blood on the floor. The old lady, having been greatly annoyed by persons desiring to see the room where the outlaw met his death, some time since hit upon the plan of charging an admission fee, and male visitors now pay fifty cents and female twenty-five cents. At these rates the number of sight-seers is so large that the old lady is rapidly accumulating a fortune.

"Is der prisoner guilty or not guilty?" asked a beaming Teutonic justice the other day. "Not guilty, your honor," promptly responded the personage addressed. "Den you youst get out, and go about your peccadillo, my vrend, and stop your fooling round here mit your blaying off," indignantly ordered the outraged arm of the law.

A negro boy in Jeffersonville, Ind., is sick with the small-pox, and the attending physician expressed the belief that the disease was communicated by a mosquito which had previously nipped another patient.



Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives, Lovers, Friends, Everybody,

—IS INVITED TO CALL AT—

PENNY & McALISTER'S

And examine the largest and finest stock of Holiday Presents ever brought to Stanford. We have THE stock, and defy competition in prices. Our stock consists of very handsome assortments of Books, suitable for old and young; the most elegant stock of Watches, Jewelry and Silverware ever brought to the city; a beautiful line of Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, Vases and Chinaware of every description.

NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK

OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES,

—&C., AT—

ROBT. S. LITTLE'S.

Prices Guaranteed to be as Low as the Lowest. S. W. Cor. Main and Lancaster streets, Stanford, Ky.

E. P. OWSELEY.

I WILL SELL MY

Fall and Winter Stock of Dry Goods,

Notions, Boots, Shoes and Clothing for the next 30 DAYS at greatly reduced prices. Heavy Boots, Shoes and Clothing a Specialty.

E. P. OWSELEY.

A Home-Made Gift.

A Christmas gift of a pretty table is one that would be appreciated by almost any body, and a very pretty and even elegant one may be made at no great expense. Have made at a carpenter shop a stand with a square top and with four small, straight legs; cover the top and legs with royal blue velvet or velveteen; around the stand put a sort of valence or lambrequin, from eight to ten inches deep, and if skilled in the needle-work of the day work at intervals of five or six inches a rose or bud, with slight stems and few leaves, in the lovely ribbon embroidery which makes so handsome an adornment and does not require so much time and material as many other kinds of embroidery. If you choose to have a low shelf on the table, that may be covered with the velvet but need not be decorated. A sofa pillow to match this table is very effective. A square of the royal blue velvet, with a bunch of roses and buds carefully laid on, is all that is required, and the cushion is handsome as if lined with satin, and needs no cord or other finish at the edges.—[N. Y. Evening Post.]

The Frankfurt Yeoman says: The first magistrate who makes up his mind to punish any person to the extent of the law who is found carrying a concealed weapon and who carries out that purpose, will do more to build up the community, and himself with it, than he could by any other means." Why not put it in this way: The first governor who makes up his mind to abstain from pardoning offenders, and who carries out that purpose, will do more for his State than he could by any other means. Why not?—[Flomingsburg Times.]

To sweep away at one rash stroke the whole internal revenue system would threaten embarrassment to the Treasury, block the future course of tariff revision, and cap the climax of blundering for the present Congress. All responsibility of attempting such a step should be left to the minority. It can only damage the party upon which the responsibility may rest.—[N. Y. Times (Rep).]

Three persons have become insane in consequence of attending the revival meetings of Harrison, "the boy preacher," in this city. The last case is a Miss Emmons, who is said to have become a raving lunatic. She was apparently in good mental health when she began to attend the meetings.—[Grand Rapids Times.]

South Dakota, which wants to be erected into a State, cast 31,000 votes at the late election, or one-thirtieth of the vote of the State of New York. Yet South Dakota wants two United States Senators and a Representative in Congress.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, Ulcerated Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons suffering from the sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

Eradicates MALARIA. For Malaria, Biliousness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, etc., it is a sure cure. It is a household article for universal family use.

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B. K. WEAREN, UNDERTAKER.

Dealer in Furniture, MAIN ST., STANFORD.

Has just received a full line of Parlor Suites, Chamber Suites, cheap Beds, Bureaus, Washstands, best Cotton Mattresses, Lamp Stands, Corner Brackets, Cots & Tables, Extension Tables, Extension Chairs, etc. Also keep constantly on hand a full line of Robes, Shrouds, Coffins and Caskets.

I also keep on hand the celebrated Byrd Burial Proof Grave Vault, guaranteed to be perfect protection from vermin, ground bones, cypresses, dampness and burglars.

I sell at figure that cannot be beaten. Call and see me. Orders by telegraph promptly attended to.

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OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, in its SEVEN WEEKLY form, completes the first year of its existence with this issue and celebrates the anniversary by appearing before its appreciated readers, so proud of itself that its ordinary suit was far too small to hold it, nor would any thing short of this double sheet. It has reason too for this self-congratulation, for it has safely cut the eye-tooth of the experiment and shown the wise heads, who shook their knowing noddies even more wisely than usual, when it was suggested, that they do not always sometimes know quite as much as they think they do. It gives us double pleasure, therefore, to state to those who have stood by it and to those who predicted a collapse within six months, that we have succeeded peculiarly even better than our most sanguine calculations. Our subscription list, thanks to a people who can always be relied on to stand by a man when he makes a proper effort to stand by himself, is greater now than at any time during the ten years of the paper's existence, and this issue is larger by far than any we have ever printed. A new power press has been added during the year, and a steam engine some time ago took the place as a motive power of the brawny son of Ham, who had been furnishing it theretofore. On the whole it has been a most prosperous year, and notwithstanding we have had to work just twice as hard as before, we do not regret, but on the contrary, are glad we discarded the slow once-a-week for the more interesting-with-the-times twice-a-week paper. We hope and believe our readers are as well pleased with the change and that they will show it by continued patronage and good wishes and words.

Considering the fact that another issue will appear before the happiest season of the year will be ushered in, it is almost too early to extend the compliments of that occasion, but for the sake of our readers in Maine, California and the other distant States, whom this paper will reach about the time that Santa Claus does, "we embrace this opportunity" to wish them and all of our other patrons the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year. Delinquent subscribers will please enclose \$2.50 with their good wishes, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Old Governor Allen, of Ohio, once said: "You might as well try to run an ice-house in hell as an honest government with a great surplus of funds in the Treasury." The old gentleman was right. The republican Congressmen have made history repeat itself with a vengeance in the last few years, vide the river and harbor bill steal, the monitor swindle and so on ad infinitum. The average republican legislator is never so happy as when concocting schemes to deplete our rather flash Treasury, but gives no thought to extinguishing the national debt and reducing taxation. A reform in these matters is demanded, and we believe that the next House, which is democratic, will meet that demand.

THE COURIER-STANFORD says that it will maintain the strictest neutrality between Carlisle and Blackburn for the Speakership, but it don't take much of an expert to read between the lines that, since the latter declared for a tariff for revenue only, he is its choice. The Louisville Commercial, rep., is also for Blackburn, a decidedly bad sign. A large majority of the other Kentucky papers are for Carlisle. The Covington Commonwealth, which is red-hot for its neighbor, remarks: "If cheek and bluster decide the contest, Blackburn will win."

HENRY STANTON has been using our gubernatorial picture in the Yeoman to represent a clothing man. This is an indignity that we do not propose the candidates shall submit to, and we hereby warn him that an infringement of our rights and patents shall be tested in the courts of the land. We shall see whether this country is so free that any man is free to use the coming governor's likeness to represent a plebeian. If the courts do not help us, then we shall call upon the "Daughters, Wives and Mothers" of the land to resent the insult.

AUDITOR HEWITT says that Registrar of the Land Office Sheldon was not later in his report than has been customary, but his greatly increased work would have excused him had he been unusually late. Just as soon as it was called for he made his report and paid over his full amount of indebtedness to the State. Capt. Sheldon is an honest man, and we do not believe he would do an intentional wrong.

THE HARRODSBURG ENTERPRISE has found out to its sorrow that the Mendelssohn Piano Co. are miserable swindlers, and asks its exchanges to pass them around. The best time to pass such concerns is when they send their insatiable low offers for advertising space, payable in imaginary pianos at fabulous prices. We always do.

THE BEAUTY of the new Chinese bill is exemplified in the fact that a Chinaman living at Pittsburg, Pa., wishing to go to his native country and marry, telegraphed to Secretary Folger, asking if he would be allowed to bring her back with him. The Secretary replied that under the law he could return but not his wife.

IT IS SAID that the policy of the republicans during the remainder of the session of Congress will be to cut down all appropriations so that the democratic House will have to provide for the deficiency. For ways that are sharp and tricks that are mean the republicans have always been peculiar.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Congress adjourns Friday till Jan. 2. The snow is ten to fifteen feet deep in many localities in New York. The debt of Lexington according to the Mayor's report is \$133,000. The death rate according to the census is 15.1 persons to the 1,000 yearly. The Hill Block in Toledo, O., burned Friday night, causing a loss of \$650,000. The Cincinnati Southern will give its patrons a Christmas gift by selling tickets at reduced rates to all points.

The Kentucky Central Railroad was fined \$2,000 at Lexington, for obstructing streets with its cars. The Fayette Circuit Court added fourteen convicts to the penitentiary. The terms range from two to three years. R. C. Atkins, a countryman, blew out the gas when he went to bed in a Frankfort, Ky., hotel and the next morning he got up dead.

In New York City during the last thirteen years, 1,887 persons have committed suicide, of whom 1,326 were men and 561 women. All the keepers of houses of ill-fame in Lexington, thirteen in number, were indicted by the grand jury last week and some ten have been arrested and put in jail.

Robert Ould, assistant Secretary of War under the Confederate Government, died at Richmond, Va. Friday. He first came into prominence as prosecutor in the celebrated Sickles-Keys murder case.

The greatest number of failures that have occurred in the U. S. during any week this year were reported last week. The number was 208, of which 41 were in the Southern States and 60 in the Western.

At Memphis, La., Peter Thomas for the murder of Dick Bright; at Selma, Ala., John Redd for killing Lucy Lee; at Deadwood, Dak., John Bright for killing a Mexican, were all jerked to Kingdom come Friday.

It is reported that Judge Brown will not ask for State troops to protect Neal and Craft at their approaching trial at Grayson, but will order the Sheriff to summon a sufficient number of citizens to insure their safety.

The grand jury at Lexington examined into the management of the Lunatic Asylum there and found divers irregularities. Among other things they found that the steward was furnishing his family from the supplies of the institution and hauling coal away by the cart-load for his own use.

A fire at Hickman, Ky., destroyed three entire blocks of business houses. The alarm was sounded at three o'clock in the morning, and the flames were not gotten under control until 6 in the afternoon. The loss is estimated at \$100,000; insurance \$42,000. The water facilities were meager.

The Italian beauty who murdered her lover in the Palmer House, Chicago, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. The killing created a great sensation as Styles was a prominent stock operator. The woman tried the insanity dodge with pretty good success, else the verdict would have been death.

Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana, is dead. Frank Donahue while drunk froze to death at Mt. Sterling. The Court of Appeals has confirmed the decision sentencing George Alsop to life imprisonment for the murder of a constable in Jefferson county. The P. O. Department has put some 240 Southern Matrimonial and Natal Associations on the Black List.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Sam. M. Burdett, Editor.

A nice line of stationery at J. L. Whitehead's.

Christmas and New Year cards at J. L. Whitehead's.

From the present outlook, the Holidays will be rather dull.

The biggest stock of Holiday Goods in Mt. Vernon at J. L. Whitehead's.

All the poets, the best novels and the best stock of holiday books at J. L. Whitehead's.

You can buy Webster's Unabridged Dictionary from J. L. Whitehead at prices ranging from \$10 to \$25.

Mt. Vernon now has ten lawyers and only one doctor. Luckily, however, our single M. D. is a good one.

Toys, dolls, candies, raisins, nuts, oranges, luscious, fireworks and Chinese lanterns for sale by J. L. Whitehead.

J. L. Whitehead desires to call attention to his large and elegant stock of jewelry. He has the best selected, best assorted and best line of jewelry in town.

Sunday was a sweetener. From freezing down till frozen over, "the beautiful" tumbled down beautifully. It is evident that in such weather "the bull-frog" has hung up his fiddle.

Ice was 21 inches thick Sunday morning. The wind was in the South and Mr. J. L. Joplin fearing that it might be the last chance, determined that for once he would indulge in "sabbath breaking." Accordingly he went to work and filled his ice-house.

Parlor and mental lamp with arched burners at J. L. Whitehead's. It was reported here Saturday that R. H. Frith, of Gum Sulphur, had made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. The last of the four convicts who escaped from one of the camps on the K. C. R., in this county, was recaptured and returned here last week. You can buy from J. L. Whitehead any book, newspaper or periodical published in the English language. He is the man to take your order.

At J. L. Whitehead's drug and book store and news depot, you will find a carefully selected stock of pure drugs and medicines. Prescriptions compounded at all hours by experienced hands.

The Dramatic Club will probably give their entertainment on the night of the 24th. The exact date will be published hereafter. This proceeds will be used to purchase an organ for the Sunday-school.

The fellow who is fond of a practical joke, got in his work on Jim Maret last Saturday. But the joke developed the fact that Jim is determined to blow his whistle "if it costs him a thousand dollars."

Bro. Barnes' circular has been received here. His friends here think the "new departure," on the whole, the best thing for him to do. To the extent of their ability, they don't wish to assist him in his work.

If you want to make a brother, sister, wife, husband, mother, father, daughter, son, friend or sweetheart a Christmas present, go to J. L. Whitehead's and get it. He keeps every thing from a bottle of perfume to a sewing machine.

The Christmas tree at the Court-house next Monday evening is for the Sunday-school. A committee will see to it that every child whose name is enrolled as a member of the school gets a present. The little ones should be out in force.

County Court in this month will be on the 25th, a legal holiday, and quarterly court begins the 1st day of next month, another legal holiday. Circuit court convenes on the 8th of next month, a celebrated anniversary, though for a wonder, not a holiday.

The year is drawing to a close and Messrs. Jack Adams & Son desire to remind all those indebted to them either by note or account that now is a good time to come forward and settle. They have indulged their debtors for a long time, and they now need the money and must have it.

The attention of the public is especially called to the advertisement of Mr. J. Cook, elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Cook is a live man and he is doing a "fraternal" business at Pleasant Valley. About the only comment his customers make on their purchases is to wonder how he can sell them so low.

ENTERPRISE.—Mr. James Maret has established a new industry in Mt. Vernon, a chair factory. An engine and all necessary machinery have been procured, and the factory is located back of the Newcomb Hotel. Mr. Nicholson will have charge of the factory. He is thoroughly acquainted with the business.

F. L. Thompson desires to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he now has on hand a large, handsome and well selected stock of goods which he is selling at rock-bottom prices for the "rockets." He defies competition in prices and in the quality of his goods. A nice lot of goods just received; bought especially for the Holiday trade. Call at the new store if you want bargains.

The Church here has made no arrangements, as yet, for a preacher next year. Though Eld. J. L. Allen, who has labored faithfully and well for us during the past four years, expressed himself as not desiring of returning on account of his pressing school-room duties, yet it is believed that if insisted on, he would return even at a sacrifice to himself. If the Church fails to secure Bro. Allen, they will make a mistake.

During the Holidays J. E. Vowel's Variety Store will be open at all hours to give everybody an opportunity to select goods and prepare for a merry, merry Christmas. There you can get stacks of oranges, lemons, bananas, raisins, dates, figs, all kinds of nuts, plain and fancy cakes and candies, fresh fish and oysters, canned goods, jellies, preserves, pickles, fire works, albums, scrap-books, dolls, musical instruments, etc. etc.

Mr. J. L. Joplin gives notice that he will apply to the County Court at its regular term in this month for license to keep hotel and sell spirituous liquors. The local prohibition law of this county is constantly violated by parties all over the county. In the opinion of several good lawyers the law is unconstitutional and inoperative. Mr. Joplin will probably carry his application to the Circuit Court and, if necessary, to the Court of Appeals.

Bro. Mr. J. L. Whitehead proposes to illuminate his store room with Chinese lanterns Christmas night. The poor teachers, to say nothing of the pupils, are having a hard time of it this weather. They are looking anxiously for "last day" of school to roll "round." This weather will seriously impede progress in the work on the K. C. The "entry" has been driven in most of the tunnels however, and in these operations can work, no matter what kind of weather it is. The lawyers say that litigation is now about as dull as it has ever been within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

ABOUT PEOPLE.—Miss Helen Conn, of Pine Hill, was visiting here last Saturday. Mr. J. D. Chandler is in Nashville in the interest of the Laurel Coal Association. Mr. Bennett H. Joplin, who has been selling the "Golden Game of Life" in Hart, Monroe and Adair counties, returned home last Saturday. He reports splendid success and seems to be in love with the business. Mr. R. G. Ward, of Livingston, was here last week. He intends going to Louisville soon to accept a position as book-keeper. He is an industrious, competent young man and here's success to him. Dr. J. J. Brown, who is now located at Bois d'Arc, Mo., is said to be greatly pleased with the place. He will return shortly to move his family there. Mr. R. L. Brooks will begin business as book agent the first of the year. He will canvass Laurel county for the "Golden Game." His friends here wish him great success.

John Proctor, who was recently tried for breach of the peace and fined \$5 and sentenced to ten days confinement in the county jail, received a remission from Gov. Blackburn last week, remitting the ten days' confinement. Nearly everybody here signed the petition asking for the remission of the action of the Governor in granting is generally favorably indorsed. Proctor is quite a young fellow, being about 16 years of age. His father died when he was a mere child and he has had to contend with the same adverse circumstances which beset most poor orphan boys. He has been rather wild, but he makes promises of reform. His mother is an excellent lady and her mortification would have been great had he been placed in jail. It is hoped that young Proctor will now keep on the right side of the law always hereafter.

CHITTY.—Trip, the old dog, well-known to most everybody in the county, the property and for years almost constant attendant of Capt. Jack Adams, is dead. Last September he celebrated his 21st birthday, but even then it was painfully evident that his hold on life was weakening rapidly. He was a good "dog" and always avoided sheep. On no occasion has he ever discovered with wool in his teeth. He was not "fussy," was never known to provoke a difficulty, but if imposed on he would "fight till the last armed foe expired." Unlike most of his town companions, he was ever dignified and courteous in his treatment of the country dog who in town always puts on a wailing, hunted look and carries his tail between his legs. Old Trip was a good house-dog and in his best days a fine hunter, the "treasure" of squirrels being his specialty. At this he was a success. And he was never caught in a trap. He lost his hearing several years ago. Since then his only exercise has been daily trips from his master's house to the store. As his powers forrook him and the end drew near, it was touching to see how close he kept to the heels of his master. Nor was the latter's attention to the old dog any the less touching. He fed him on the choicest bits of meat and buttered bread. During his last illness his master provided him with every possible comfort. Trip breathed his last on Saturday, and on Sunday morning he was buried with appropriate ceremonies. Requiescat in pace.

Garrard County DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. R. WEST, Editor.

LANCASTER.

The Telephone Company is booming.

A good many lee-houses will be filled in this vicinity to-day.

The shipping bogs of this county have about all been shipped, mostly to Louisville.

The Mercury in the Thermometer was wandering around in the neighborhood of zero last Saturday.

Miss Harndon, of Lexington, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Jas. Smith, in the Forks neighborhood.

J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky., has received his stock of jewelry and fancy goods for the holiday trade.

Mr. J. M. Higginbotham, our present Sheriff, is very flatteringly spoken of as the President of the new Bank.

Louis H. Ramsey, the artistic off-hand sign writer, will be in Lancaster about January 1st. Save your signs for him.

County Attorney, Jas. H. Brown will investigate the turpentine tax in this county at the December term of the County Court.

Rev. T. M. Vaughan, of Danville, was unable to fill his appointment, at the Forks of Dix River Church Sunday, on account of indisposition.

Now is your time to buy cheap goods. I want to close out by Jan. 1st. Don't fail to call and get bargains when goods must be sold. I must have what is due me by Jan. 1st. Geo. A. Feathers.

Largest stock jewelry and silverware of any jewelry house in Central Kentucky. Solid silver spoons a specialty. In fine solid-lined cases, for presents. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky., Palace Jeweler.

Just received a large stock of French grass and lamotte bouquets and Bohemian glass and decorated vases in all colors, with or without silver mountings. Remember the place—J. C. Thompson's, Lancaster, Ky.

The examining trial of Cal and Owen East for killing Wm. Casy is set for the 26th inst., before Judge Walker. The defendants gave themselves up to Constable Barlow last Friday, and were placed under guard until day set for trial.

The examining trial of Harrison Brown, col'd., for shooting Umber, col'd., is set for Friday. The impression seems to be that the shooting was not accidental, as reported in our last, but intentional, Brown having previously threatened the life of Umber.

Something new in Clocks. You can tell time at night without a light. Face is self-illuminating. Largest stock of Bronze and French Gold Clocks with globes, for parlor use; also for Christmas and Holiday presents. Palace Jeweler Store, J. C. Thompson's, Lancaster, Ky.

The Louisville drummers mentioned in your last as having been fined for running a toll-gate, say that a livery man in Danville agreed to put them in Lancaster for a stated sum, he paying toll, etc. The driver ran the gate and they had nothing to do with it, but compromised rather than be annoyed by delay.

On Saturday, at a called meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Bank at this place, Mr. W. A. Burnside, now book-keeper for the firm of George Denny & Co. was elected book-keeper in the place of J. P. Sandifer, resigned. Mr. Sandifer's resignation will take effect the 1st of January next. He is to be Cashier of the new National Bank.

The result of the examining trial of C. W. Sweeney and others as given in our special in the last issue, was a surprise to every democrat here. Every one thought that some of them at least, would be discharged, as there was no proof, excepting the testimony of Farria, against them, while there was any amount of positive testimony to the effect that they neither word or deed attempted to control the vote of Farria by intimidation. The right to criticize the acts of officials is given to every one in the country, and Commissioner Herndon must expect his action in this case to be severely criticized when it is remembered that the expenses incident to a trip to and from a Federal Court are very great, and the gentlemen held to appear in said Court are in moderate circumstances; this, however, would be no reason for al-

lowing any one to go free when there were reasonable grounds to believe that he was guilty of a crime. But, when upon insufficient evidence persons in such circumstances are compelled to be at such unnecessary expense, it seems to us an inexcusable error. Personally, we like Mr. Herndon, but however intimate our friendship with any man, we will not allow that friendship prevent us from condemning any act that we believe unwise, ungenerous or unjust. We deplore as much as any one the present condition of political affairs and would rejoice to see the present mode of conducting political campaigns broken up. But, can this be effected by enforcing a policy that has been used only for the advantage of a certain party. We answer emphatically, no. The time for enforcement of such policies formed and fashioned in the heat of passion has passed, and, if we would arrive at more satisfactory results, we must proceed more in accordance with the feelings and interests of the people. A law or the contraction of a law that makes negro testimony superior to that of a white man is not congenial with such feelings and interests, and must be abandoned, otherwise election riots will continue and party strife become more fierce.

Bryantville.

Fresh Oysters at J. C. Bryant's.

Old Kris is showing himself again.

J. B. Leavelle has recently purchased a handsome piano for his wife.

Robert Reids, of Lancaster, is paying \$1.25 a pair for turkeys in this vicinity.

A little son of John Reid fell upon the frozen ground last Friday and broke his arm.

Christmas is close at hand and not a social or gathering of any kind talked of by the young folks.

Tillett Brothers sold their hemp crops of '80 and '81, to Sparks, of Nicholasville, for \$4.50 and \$5 per hundred.

Mrs. Sallie Covert, aged 58 years died on the eve of the 11th inst. Her remains were interred the following day at the Fork Church burying ground.

Sims Engleman, of color, was tried before Squire Johnson and Scott last Wednesday, for robbing J. B. Leavelle's turkey roost, and got 20 days in the work-house.

Wilson Dunn bought of J. F. Dunn some days ago, a brown colt 2 years old by George Welch, Jr., let dam the dam of Abel, (private trial 2:23) by Gill's Varmont; 2d dam a thoroughbred.

Uncle Josh Dunn who has been seriously ill for some days with pneumonia is reported much better, and it is to be hoped will be mingling with his many friends soon. Jesse Dunn and Jesse Swope, too of Lincoln's worthless old bachelors were with their friends in this vicinity last week.

Do Not Be Deceived.

In these times of quick and deceptive advertisements everywhere, it is truly gratifying to find one remedy that is worthy of praise, and which really does as recommended. Electric Blisters we can vouch for as being a true and reliable remedy, and one that will do as recommended. They invariably cure Stomach and Liver Complaints, Discharge of the Kidneys and Urinary Discretion. We know whereof we speak, and can readily give them a trial. Sold at 25¢ a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S. DENTIST.

Has located permanently in Lancaster. Office room over J. G. Sweeney's law store. [See sign.] 100-1st.

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.

Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

MANUFACTURERS' FIRE AND MARINE.

INSURANCE COMPANY,

—Or Posters, Mass.—

Capital, \$500,000; surplus, \$155,923.21; total assets, \$1,055,923.21. ROBT. KINNARD, Agt., 100-1st Lancaster, Kentucky.

HIGGINS HOUSE!

—STANFORD STREET—

LANCASTER, - - - KENTUCKY

JOHN T. HIGGINS, PROPRIETOR.

A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

In every particular. The patronage of the public solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

NEW HOUSE!

NEW GOODS

GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.

ELITE PRIZE GROCERY.

LANCASTER.

—Wholesale and Retail Dealers in—

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Candles, Fruits, Cigars and Tobacco.

A FIRST-CLASS GROCERY—A WELL LIGHTED, ROOMY HOUSE. Everything sold at a low price and prices lower than elsewhere.

Don't Fail to See Them in the New Block.

101-1st.

J. M. COOK,
Hustonville,
Keeps always in Stock
the Cheapest and Best Line
—OF—
Fancy Groceries,
Hardware, Glassware,
Queensware, Meat, Lard and Every Other
Article usually kept at a First-
Class Grocery Store.

To meet the wants of the season, he has also opened out a General Assortment of

CHRISTMAS GOODS!

Which he will dispose of at bottom figures for cash. Come right along and supply yourself.

SANTA CLAUS
HAS ARRIVED.

PEACOCK, THE DRUGGIST,
—HAS OPENED THE—
Largest and Best Selected Line

—OF—
CHRISTMAS GOODS
—EVER EXHIBITED IN—
HUSTONVILLE, - - KY.

His stock embraces Toys, Books, Albums, Fancy Toilet Goods, Dressing Cases, Majolica ware, Jewelry and Silverware, Vases, &c., now open and ready for sale. Big lot of 5-cent sheet Music.

D. S. JONES & SONS,
McKinney, Ky.

In addition to our Full Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Ready-Made Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, Chinaware, Glassware, &c., &c., we are opening a full line

CHRISTMAS GOODS

Embracing everything from the Handsomest Present to the Cheapest Toy. They have been selected with the greatest care and will be sold at the

Lowest Possible Prices!

Call at once and get first choice.

D. S. JONES & SONS.

THE OLIVER



STILL IN THE LEAD, AND NEEDS NO COMMENTS. Only ask your neighbor as to its excellent qualities. I also introduce to you THE RIGHT SPEEDY Corn Sheller, and give you seven reasons why you should use it: 1st. It is cheap and effective. 2d. It is fully warranted against breaking or getting out of order, by any fair usage. 3d. It takes less power for the same amount of shelling than any other machine. 4th. The corn is not injured for planting, and if ground, there is no cob in meal. 5th. Time and space is saved. 6th. It will shell green corn before any other sheller will. 7th. It is a pleasure to "the old man" and a delight to the boy to work it. This Sheller can be fastened to the side of a box or barrel by a wedge or screw. Price, \$5. I fully warrant it against breaking or wearing out (if kept oiled and fairly used) for five years, and if said Sheller breaks or in any becomes impaired or gets out of order, (having fair usage) I will furnish said parts new and without charge to the owner of the Sheller. Stop and see one in use. Very respect.,

W. H. HIGGINS.

T. M. JOHNSTON, D. H. SKINNER, } Salesmen.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Passenger trains North..... 9 50 a. m.
" " South..... 3 30 p. m.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAllister.
Buy your ammunition of all kinds from McAllister & Stagg.

New stock of Jewels and Silverware at Penny & McAllister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

FALL lots of Ziegler's Shoes just received and for sale at J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

STANDARD Sheet Music, Vocal and Instrumental, for 10 cents at Penny & McAllister's.

LARGE stock of Window Glass, all sizes Double thick glass for flower pits. Penny & McAllister.

Just received a new lot of clocks for ladies and children and a fine lot of Dolls. J. H. & S. H. SHANKS.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. S. M. Carson, of Louisville, arrived yesterday.

—Mr. J. H. Watson, of Walton, is on a visit to his father at Crab Orchard.

—Mr. JOHN BULLOCK, Masonry Contractor of the K. C. R. R. was here yesterday.

—Mr. HARRIS STAGG and family moved to their new home in Stanford, yesterday.

—Miss SALLIE GREEN has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. T. T. Gerard, at Manchester.

—Miss BETTIE PAXTON will fill Miss Mary Myers' place as teacher at the College during her absence.

—Dr. M. TABLER, contractor on the K. C. R. R. is at the Altamont Coal Co. and Mr. E. E. Bowen are in town.

—Mr. LOUIS H. RAMSEY has named his baby Eldia Walton, in honor of our young brother. It is a big compliment to a 16-year-old.

—Miss LAURA EMMERMAN has returned from a long visit to Franklin and Louisville, and is now confined to her bed with something like fever.

—Miss FATTIE MCCORMACK, our pretty McCormack's Church correspondent, with her sister, Miss Lizzie, made us a very welcome call Saturday.

—Messrs. J. S. HOCKER, Joe B. Grimes and J. W. Hayden go to Louisville today to attend an entertainment given by Misses Mary and Marie Burnett to Miss Moffett, of Illinois.

—Miss MARY MYERS, Miss Pauline Grimes and Miss Fannie Held, leave for Cedar, Texas, today, to visit Miss Lou Lane, who is well remembered here for her beauty and brightness.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Go to the "Twin Fronts."

PLAID COTTONS at 8¢ per yard at Kline's.

WE WILL leave Friday and during the Christmas, of course.

SLEEP WARM.—Go to Kline's and buy his 65 cents Comforts.

COTTON and TICKING.—D. Kline keeps both these articles cheaper than any body.

A LITTLE CHILD of Mr. George Moore died a few days ago from the effects of a burn.

A LARGE variety of cook stoves, heating stoves and grates just received by A. Owsley. Low prices.

LOWER THAN EVER.—To reduce stock I will sell at reduced rates for cash till Jan. 1, 1883. W. T. Green.

GOOD BUSINESS House for rent from Jan. 1, 1883. Now occupied by W. T. Green. Apply to M. D. Elmore, Stanford, Ky.

COME early and make your selection from our large stock of cheap Toys before they have been picked over. McAllister & Bright.

Just received a large stock of French and silk candies, foreign and domestic fruits and nuts, for the Holidays at McAllister & Bright's.

TO REDUCE my stock of Dry Goods, do, I offer special inducements in prices for the next week or two. Call and see how low goods can be sold. J. W. Hayden.

MESSRS. CHENAULT, REVERENCE & Co. advertise in this issue that in order to close out their stock they will sell at below cost till further notice. Now for bargains.

THE citizens of Boyle are working for the terminus of the road to Nashville and held a big meeting Saturday. Our county will hardly let her get ahead of them, we hope.

Persons intending to meet at the Skating Carnival next Friday night are requested to furnish the manager with their names as soon as possible. Admission to all, save the mothers, 25 cents.

A COLD wave swept this section again Friday and Saturday, causing the mercury to monkey around "zero" and ending in the heaviest fall of snow this season on Sunday. It now covers the ground to the depth of several inches.

FINE DEER.—Messrs. G. H. McKinney and J. B. Owens returned from Whitely yesterday with a fine buck, which netted 110 lbs. Jim did the execution but the Captain had the gun when he came in range. They saw quite a number during their hunt, but did not get in shooting distance.

B. K. WEAVER's Furniture Store is the place to go for Christmas presents. He is receiving a full line of fancy cabinet ware, such as well pocketed, comb cases, velvet frames and mouldings, hat racks, stand tables, etc. Also a big lot of wagons, carriages and wheelbarrows for the little folks.

HAVING bought out the harness and saddlery business of Squire W. R. Carson, I will open out a first-class shop at my stable, where all kinds of repairing will be done at the lowest rates. Prof. S. M. Rigney will be in charge of the shop and will be glad to see his friends both as to harness and the veterinary business. A. T. Nunnally.

BONNET GINGHAM at Kline's for 8¢ per yard.

CHRISTMAS presents in the dry goods line can be had at J. W. Hayden's.

LOOK NICE.—Go to Kline's and get beautiful calicoes at 4, 5 and 6 cts. per yard.

FRESH raisins, cranberries, citron and other fancy groceries for Christmas cakes at A. Owsley's.

THE case against Robert Collier for obtaining goods under false pretenses was settled by his paying for the goods.

IMITATION is the veriest flattery. The Danville Advertiser has a "Garrard Department" beginning with its last issue.

I HAVE lost five good building lots in Stanford for sale, elegantly located and two of them the nearest in town. John Bright.

JOHN JENKINS, fine Squire Higgins, negro, for beating his sweetheart \$5, and Cato Withers \$10 for breach of the Peace.

Just received a new line of China, Glass and Queensware, including some handsome Tea, Chamber and water-sets. McAllister & Bright's.

CHENAULT, REVERENCE & Co., not wishing to carry over their clothing and boots to next season, offer their entire stock of those goods at cost.

WE WILL begin to make Christmas flour today and will pay special attention to custom work. Our improvements are now complete. McAllister & Hallie.

THE MERRY jingle of the sleigh-bells and the crying of the wheels of the ice-wagon were heard in the air yesterday. The ice gathered in over three inches thick.

JERRY HUGHES, the negro of whose offense our Union-Hill letter told last Friday, was given 60 days in jail and a fine of \$30. He now languishes in the lock up.

AN exchange says that in a majority of cases young women wear bangs to hide the ugly scars on their foreheads. We do not believe the number is that large, for of all the girls in Stanford, but two wear them to hide such deformities.

Mrs. M. A. DAWSON, who is now over three-score and ten, has been a subscriber to the New York Ledger for over 40 years. She still reads its entertaining love stories with apparently as much interest as when her own life was filled with romance.

Don't FAIL to visit the Grand Emporium of McAllister & Stagg for Holiday goods before purchasing elsewhere. Will have large stock of silverware and jewelry for the Holiday to arrive in a few days, and for beauty and elegance can not be surpassed.

Those who know any thing about the business will agree with us that this is a pretty good sized sheet for our usual office force, four compositors, to get out in three days. It took work early and late, but they were equal to the emergency, and we are out as usual on time.

THIS has indeed been a year of death in this community; more having occurred than in any previous year, not excepting those in which epidemics have appeared. Typhoid fever and pneumonia have done the greatest work and their ravages have been principally among the younger folk.

CHRISTMAS turkeys, cranberries, mince meat, krou, butter, eggs, oysters, crackers, raisins, currants, dates, figs, nuts of all kinds, oranges, lemons, bananas, apples, pickles, jellies, candies of every description, a nice line of China, glass and Majolica Christmas wares and a big stock of all kinds of canned goods at Bruce, Warren & Co.'s, the "Twin Fronts."

THE FELLOW who swore that he was worth over \$1,500 and was taken to jail for the thief Williams, who burglarized Blake's jewelry store in Danville, has been arrested for perjury, as he had no property at all. The forfeited bond is therefore worthless and by an apparent connivance of the Cincinnati authorities, Williams is free to prosecute his business till caught again.

DUCKED.—Tim Buchanan a colored man was taken from his house at Crab Orchard, last Saturday night when the Mercury was so near the bottom, and ducked in the Springs pond several times. They then let him loose and when he got back to town his clothing was frozen fast from one end to the other. It is said that the ducking was done by some negroes to whom he had promised to give a dance but afterwards refused.

MARRIAGES.

—Mr. James F. Holdam will lead to the altar at Crab Orchard to-day Miss Bettie, the pretty and accomplished daughter of Dr. W. M. Doore.

—Licenses were issued yesterday to Mr. James R. Wilcox to marry Miss Elvira, daughter of Mr. B. F. Eubanks, to-day; to Wm. B. Newell and Miss Nellie Ann Rodi also to-day, and to Mr. Charles O. Berry and Miss Rachel Lucinda Hicks for the 21st.

—Dr. Joseph Brest, whose wife got a divorce from him at Lexington less than ten days ago, eloped to Cincinnati with the pretty young widow Brown and was married after much difficulty. All the Lexington preachers refused to perform the ceremony owing to the recentness of the divorce.

—Fewer marriages have occurred this year than for a number of years, notwithstanding it has been one of plenty and prosperity. The record shows that 63 white couples have been united since this day one year ago and 37 colored couples. During 1881 there were 86 licenses issued to whites and 70 to blacks.

—Married at Franklin, Tenn., on the 14th, by Rev. Lansing Burrows, of Lexington, Ky., Richmond, Rochester, of Birmingham, Ala., late of Stanford, to Miss Minnie Devereaux Bond, of the last mentioned place, (native of Mississippi). A beautiful wedding and impressive ceremony, all the marriageable young people declaring they were quite in the humor of having the same repeated in their own behalf. The bride wore a lovely brocade cream satin, an train, lace boucées, natural flowers and was lovely. Groom was attired in conventional black, "spade-tail" coat Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 17.

—The young woman, who, at Lebanon, decided at the eleventh hour which of two lovers she would marry, and who took one and afterwards eloped with the other, was arrested in New Albany and she and her guilty lover got in jail for forgery.

Poor thing, she wanted to cheer both of her fool admirers and got herself in trouble. There is such a thing as a woman being too good natured.

—The Great American tower lat, Hon. Thomas C. Ball, who wrote a book telling of his wonderful tower to Texas, has gone on his last tower alone. There are two of him now and together they will make the tower of life, unless death or the divorce courts render them sunder. On Friday last, a rather unlucky day according to the superstitious, he was united in marriage to Miss George Ann Jennings by the Rev. J. M. Bruce, and after a tower to the Junction they settled down to business in the "Union Store" where "a little of every thing" is kept. He says his wife is as pretty as a blue bird and he wouldn't take \$50,000 in gold for her.

DEATHS.

—Mr. J. M. Hendricks, keeper of the Buffalo Cemetery informs us that he has buried this year 18 adults and five children. Last year the number was together 22.

—Mrs. Peggy McPherson, relict of the late Walter McPherson, died on Friday, of a general giving away of the vital forces, aged 85 years. Her mind was also affected and for weeks she sat in bed and worked now at one imaginary knitting, then at sewing and the other duties of her former life. This she kept up night and day and when her third hands at last rested in death, the skin had worn from them to the bone. She was a Miss Dudders and all her life was highly respected and loved by her associates.

RELIGIOUS.

—Dr. J. W. Cox will preach here on the 5th Sunday.

—Rev. J. M. Bruce cut the ice Sunday afternoon and during a blinding snow storm put 13 persons in the freezing liquid. Look out for more cases of pneumonia.

—Owing to the rust in the pipes of the furnace under the Christian Church, no steam could be gotten up Sunday and when the congregation began to gather it was as cold as a barn. Seeing this predicament, the Baptists kindly gave them the use of their house, so Dr. Cox held forth there both at the morning and evening service.

—The meeting at the Presbyterian Church is progressing favorably. Dr. Evans presents the word of God in a most earnest manner and has succeeded in winning the following souls to Him: Mr. Wm. Burton, Mrs. George Moore, Miss Annie Wray, Rosa Wilson, Annie Dunn, Fozie Pennington, Maria Warren and Jennie Warren. Six who confessed at the Baptist Church have joined during the meeting.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—First-class Utley hay press for sale, John Bright, Stanford.

—B. F. Coomer sold to Ware & Robinson 1000 lb. cow at \$3 cents.

—The Grange is not dead yet in Pennsylvania. The Secretary reports over 20,000 members.

—John Wright sold to Wakefield & Faris 152 year-old scrub steers, 883 pounds weight, at 4 cents.

—Madison county has shipped 10,000 hogs to market this season, which brought her the handsome sum of \$150,000.

—C. R. G. Bibb bought of J. B. Owsley a pair of mules for \$275, one of Reuben Williams for \$125 and 10 hogs of Mr. Jones at 6 cents.

—The farm of the late J. G. Owsley, in Boyle, 2½ miles from Danville, sold yesterday at \$49 per acre, and 10 shares of Central National Bank stock of Danville sold at \$183 per share.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Near McCormack's Church.

—James Carter, Jr., and Mrs. Walker Rountree both quite sick with pneumonia.

—Our visit to the printing office on Saturday was very much enjoyed, thanks to the editor and — and — and —

—Our thanks are due Arthur C. Hill for the nice "goodies" he brought us of his birthday dinner. That boy will be President yet.

—Ask Mr. A. G. Coffey about his "mammoth" head and — their run. Miss Lizzie E. Carter, of Richmond College, will spend the holidays with her parents.

—Mr. Weed Smith was married to Miss Bettie M. Peyton on the 14th. Only the relative and a few intimate friends were present. We wish them a safe voyage over the turbulent stream of matrimony. A handsome Turnersville belle is to be married shortly.

—The school of your correspondent, at Coffey's, closed on the 15th after a pleasant and, we hope, profitable session. We desire to return our thanks to Mr. A. G. Coffey and wife, who were so kind to us during the term. They and their sweet daughter, Mary, will ever be remembered with kindness and gratitude.

—Died, on the morning of the 16th, of the humors of his sister, Mrs. Mike Cloyd, Preston Cash, aged nearly 17 years. A kind, loving brother; a true, valiant, devoted Christian has gone to his reward. It is with sincere grief that we give him up; and our deepest sympathy is with his devoted sister, who in less than one year has had three of their number removed by the icy hand of death. It seems hard, yet God knows best.

MADISON COUNTY.

Ricksville.

—Some of our neighbors have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the recent cold weather to secure a supply of ice.

—The Sunday-School, under the Superintendence of Eld. D. B. Willis, assisted by an efficient corps of teachers, is in a very flourishing condition. It is regarded as one of the best managed and attended institutions of the kind in the State.

—Messrs. James M. Smith and Thomas F. Smith and Dr. H. K. Middleton have been appointed appraisers of the estate of Dr. M. Farria, decd. Dr. F. held a policy in the Masonic Mutual Life Insurance Co., upon

which his widow and children will receive about \$2,000.

—The hogs have about all been shipped from this county. The Silver Creek Distillery Co. has fixed the price of corn at \$2 delivered. Mr. J. M. Kennedy has received two car-loads of coal from the Peacock Mines in Laurel. He is aiming to establish a coal supply depot in this village.

—Mr. Joseph P. Simmons, Jr., who has been largely engaged in shipping hogs to Louisville for several weeks, is again at home. He and his partner, W. T. Terle, of Richmond, have marketed about \$50,000 worth of swine this season. The tobacco growers of this and Garrard counties have commenced shipping their crops to Louisville. We noticed quite a number of hogheads pass through this place this week, besides a good deal in the hand going to Lancaster.

—There will be quite an exodus from our village during the Christmas holidays. Prof. Renfro goes to visit his relatives near Glasgow Junction. Johnny Green will spend the holidays at his home in Stanford Bowen and Anderson Jones, at East Hickman in Jessamine. Sam Wilhite goes to Monticello. In short, all the boys from a distance, now attending Elliott Institute, will visit their homes Christmas week. Miss Willie Barber, our charming brunette music teacher, will entertain the Queen City society during the holiday vacation. Mrs. Rosa Jones will visit relatives in Owensboro next week. Misses Jennie and Josie Kennedy have both been under medical treatment within the past few days. Miss Ida Willis is still confined to her room, but is slowly convalescing. Mr. Seth Paria has had a severe attack of asthma, but is able to attend to business again.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

123, 125 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK CITY,
December 15th, 1882.

Dear Interior:

We faced our first New York audience to-night in Clarendon Hall—12th st., near 4th Ave. There were about 75 to 100 persons present, who listened with close attention. We are quite encouraged to go on. "First the bride, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." We came to the city quite unheralded. Last Sunday night I preached for Bro. A. B. Simpson, formerly of Louisville, and this meeting at Clarendon Hall grew out of that sermon. Several wished to hear more, and the way opened. The Hall holds about 800 and is a neat, cheery place, well lighted and warmed. Reports from the Sun and World were present, but of course we can not tell yet what notice, if any, the papers will take of us.

George made her debut as one of the troupe to-night, greatly to our joy and her own, after she found how easy it was to serve the LORD. She sings a very nice alto to Marie's soprano, all by ear of course, as neither of the dear children know a note. She promises to be quite an acquisition. She has been consecrated to this service for quite a while, but sang in public for the first time to-night. It is a little odd, that with her great timidity, she should begin on a New York audience, but the LORD gives needed grace always.

You can not imagine how glad we are to get to preaching and singing again. Just think of 9 days without it, except the one service Sunday night. It seems a little age of inactivity. And yet we have been very busy. The enclosed Circular, with the correspondence involved in getting every thing off in due time, the printing, the picture pasting on mementos, and so on and so forth, ate up the time so rapidly that we found very little time for any thing else besides this particular business. May the LORD bless and prosper it all. It is a "labor of love."

All well and happy in the LORD; trusting for daily bread and getting it of course. How could it be otherwise with our Father, knowing our wants. At present we are in the 4th story of a tenement house of the better class, all in the same room, warmed with a grate and lighted with gas. We get our coal in by the hog and keep it in a box in the closet. We take our meals at a house across the street. We are almost jolly in thus getting back to our "big city piglet," free and easy life that we were so familiar with when in the mountains. The name of "Mountain Evangelist" is the proudest title I can wear, and it is the one the papers uniformly give me. I shall carry it gladly through life. Here is our hand-bill:

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE.
The only remedy for the world's sin; the only antidote for its every "ill."

GEO. O. BARNES,
"Mountain Evangelist,"
and
Daughter, Marie,
at Clarendon Hall,
12th Street, near 4th Avenue,
Every Evening during the week, at 7:30 o'clock. Also SUNDAY MORNING Services, 10:30 o'clock.

As soon as the way is clear we expect to begin afternoon services. We trust the LORD has "much people in this city" for us to teach with LOVE'S gospel. Pray for us. Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES.

(The above letter, together with the circular referred to, came on a late mail yesterday evening, and owing to the length of the letter we are unable to get it in this issue. It sets forth that hereafter Mr. Barnes and Miss Marie will work independently of all church organizations and pastures. People will go to halls and other public places who will not go to churches, and to reach the masses he will use these in the future. They however cost money and so does the proper advertising, and to enable him to do this he calls on his friends and others for "money, money." He would like to have \$10,000 at once. There are many here who own all the hope of heaven they have to lose two good people and they are able to contribute liberally. Will they do it?—Ed.)

JUST RECEIVED

Nice lot of Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Dates, Oranges, Lemons, Mince Meat, Hominy, Rice, Buckwheat Flour, New Process Flour, Meal, Oat Meal, Tapioca, Maccaroni and all kinds of Canned Fruits, at low prices at

W. T. GREEN'S.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

Holiday Goods,
Holiday Christmas
Gifts for Old & Young,

Beautiful Line of Silverware, Jewelry,

Watches and Clocks, Fine Toilet Sets and Flower Vases.

Our Holiday Books were never Prettier or more Choice;

Box Paper, Writing Paper, Writing Desks and Fancy Ink. A large stock of Fine Fancy Candies, Toys and Fire works of every description.

HEADQUARTERS

—AT—

M'ALISTER BRIGHT'S

For Cheap TOYS of all kinds, including Velocipedes, Rocking Horses, Express Wagons, &c.

A Large Stock of Confectioneries, Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Nuts.

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE.

PETER HAMTON,
Saddles, Saddlery,
HARNESS!
Everything kept in the Horse Millinery Line.
Stanford, Ky.

Desire to close out their entire stock of goods

AT ONCE!
And propose to do so AT COST and in many cases less than cost.

We have \$15,000 worth of new and desirable Fall and Winter Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., to sell in this way. Remember

This is not the tail-end of a stock of goods that we are closing out, but the largest and most desirable stock of goods in Stanford. Purchasers will effect a large saving on everything they buy. We will make no new accounts, except to our regular customers, who will pay promptly the 1st of January, or when called upon.

December 19, 1882.

A MINISTER'S FLIRTATION.

I was engaged to Angelina Melville, and I thought myself the luckiest man living. Angelina was so handsome that no stranger ever saw her without expressing admiration, and one did not weary of the face after years of familiarity with it. She was well bred, accomplished and a great heiress. I had reason to believe that she was very fond of me. No man could be more entirely content than I was as I leaned back in the first-class carriage which took me from Glasgow into the country to the Vale of Cruix, where I was to preach a few Sabbaths.

The pulpit was vacant, and I was going to try my wings. With my pecuniary prospects, I scarcely thought I should care to accept a call to the Vale of Cruix, but I had no objections to filling its pulpit for a few weeks, especially as Angelina had gone to the west coast, and Glasgow was warm and sunny and stupid.

Casual remembrances of elegant paragon built in Queen Anne's time; of a study where the footfalls were softened by Persian rugs and the doors draped with portiers of velvet; chairs and a desk carved richly as some old confessional, flitted through my mind. And I thought also of a table spread with silver and rare china, with a lady at its head who resembled a Queen. And I breathed a luxurious sigh as I awakened from my day dream to a knowledge that the words "Vale of Cruix" were being shouted on the platform, and that the train was coming to a standstill.

I seized my traveling bag from the rack overhead and hurried out of the carriage. The porters had just pulled four or five trunks on the platform. Two old wagons stood in the road, one driven by an old woman in a sun bonnet, the other by a red haired boy, with bare feet; and a queer, knock-kneed horse, attached to a queer old girl, was standing at a little distance. A young man in a light Summer suit, and a city family, bent on rural happiness, were my companions on the platform.

The former put his trunk into the first wagon, kissed the old woman in the sun bonnet, took the reins and drove away. He was evidently the son of the family come home to spend his vacation. The rest of the trunks, and the city family, mother, father, little boy, nursemaid and baby, were put into the wagon driven by the boy. When the train moved away I was left alone on the platform—alone but for the station master, who sat upon a bench smoking a clay pipe.

In a moment more that official, without looking at me, made the remark: "Deacon Stevenson has come for the new minister. He's over in the hotel and will be back in a minute."

"Thank you," said I. The station master took no notice of me, but having climbed upon a stool and made some changes in a time register on the wall of the station, looked the door, put the key in his pocket and sauntered away down the railroad.

I took his place upon the bench and waited. In a few minutes a prim little old gentleman appeared upon the top of the hill, carrying in one hand a tin can, in the other a tin pail and under either arm a brown paper parcel. I knew at a glance that it was Mr. Stevenson.

"Are you Mr. Macgargert?" he inquired mildly, as he approached. "I want to know! I hadn't any expectation of being kept so long, but you see it saves the women folk trouble to fetch things over when I drive down. I'll just hang this can of paraffine oil on behind. Some folks dislike the smell—maybe you do? The sugar loaf and coffee can go under the seat just as well as not. How's your health, sir, and how do you like Vale of Cruix?"

I answered that my health was good, and that I had not, as yet, seen much of Vale of Cruix.

"No, you haven't," said the old gentleman. "Well, you'll drive through it now." And he shook the reins, and the old horse began to stumble along. And on we drove past certain rows of brick houses, very much like each other, and with the same flowers in their front gardens, until, having passed the church, we came to one happily set about by old oak trees, before the gate of which he drew up.

A girl stood at the gate—a fair girl in a blue muslin dress and apron. "Take the sugar, Mary, before it gets upset," said the deacon. "This is Mr. Macgargert, that's to preach for us. Mr. Macgargert, this is my daughter Mary."

We bowed and she vanished with the parcels. "What a lovely little creature!" said I to myself. "Nothing like An-

gelina, but so pretty!" And I found myself thinking of her as I washed my hands and hair in the blue-walled bed room on the second floor, with white fringed counterpanes and curtains and piece, on either side of the china vases of roses.

There were only four of us at the table—the deacon, his wife, a stent lady who never said more than she could help, and Mary. She had spent the last winter in Glasgow, and we talked about all she had seen. She was self-possessed without being forward, and oh, so pretty! Now, Angelina was splendid and queenly, so this was mild praise that she could not have objected to, only I said it very often. I preached on the next Sunday. It was settled that I could spend the Summer there. I wrote this to Angelina:

"Since you cannot be with me it does not matter where I am—this stupid place as well as any other. Address to the care of Deacon Stevenson. I shall remain with him while I preach here."

It was a pleasant Summer, despite the dullness of the place. How good the quaint old deacon was when one really knew him! How motherly was Mrs. Stevenson! As for Mary, she grew sweeter every day! I often wondered what Angelina would have said could she have seen me helping her to pick blackberries, to find the runaway cow, to carry home the milk pail, driving her over to the country grocery and returning with a freight of groceries—Angelina, who knew nothing of domestic details, and whose monogrammed and perfumed notes were brought to me from the office in company with the paraffine can. I wrote my sermons at one end of the round table while Mary sat at the other sewing. Now and then a big bug would fly into the window and hum humming about our heads, or a moth would try to sing its wings over the chimney, and I would drive it out. The old people would go to bed after a while, and then Mary and I would find ourselves hungry and she would go into the kitchen to find "something good." I always held the light for her. When something good was found we ate it in the back porch, sitting side by side on the step, like two children.

She was so like a child, that little Mary, that it seemed no harm to ask her to kiss me good night, or to hold her hand in mine, as it rested on my arm, in our long walks home from church on Sunday evenings.

The Summer passed; October came. Angelina returned to the city and wrote to me. It was while we were eating peaches and cream on the back porch that evening that I said to Mary, "I will tell you a secret, if you will keep it for a while, Mary."

"Oh, of course, I will, Mr. Macgargert."

"I am going to be married this autumn, Mary," I said. These pretty letters you always thought came from my sister are from the lady who is to marry me. She is very beautiful, very rich, very stylish, but very kind. You must come and see us Mary, when we are married. I shall tell Angelina how good you have been to me—what a sweet little sister I found out here in Vale of Cruix. Why, Mary—"

"For, as I spoke, I felt the little hand I held grow cold and heavy in mine. I saw her sink backward. The big china bowl of peaches and cream slipped with a crash on the ground and shattered to pieces.

I caught the poor child in my arms. In a moment she came to herself, and said she had overheard herself, she thought. They had been baking all day, and it was warm. And now she had me good night. But I did not see her next day, nor the next. She kept her room, and was not well enough to bid me good by.

Poor little Mary! I felt very miserable. However, Angelina met me in Glasgow. She was more beautiful than ever—more elegant in contrast to my simple country friend—and very soon I laughed at myself for the thought that had been in my heart. Of course, I said that it was the halcyon that had overcome Mary—it was not my news. I had only been to her as a friend—as a brother. I had not made love to her; above all, I had not flirted with her. But I thought of Mary a great deal, and I missed her exactly every hour—oh, yes, exactly—as I might a sister.

I wrote to Mrs. Stevenson, and her answer was very brief. "I haven't much time to write," she said in her postscript. "Mary is sick, and besides being driven I'm anxious."

This letter was in my pocket on that day when Angelina and I went together to the bazaar for the benefit of the church of St. Matthew. After we had roamed about the bazaar and bought all sorts of knick-knacks, I escorted Angelina to a seat and there sat down to wait while one of the ladies, who, "on this occasion

only,' was doing good, generous heart work, brought us a tray of refreshments.

As we sat there sipping our coffee, two women sat down at the next table, with their backs toward us.

"I am very tired; are not you, Mrs. Russell?" And the other answered: "Yes, I am tired. I don't think that it is worth while to come all the way from Glasgow sight seeing."

This was the voice of Stevenson's nearest neighbor, and I liked her and respected her, yet did not feel quite sure how Angelina would like an introduction, and so refrained from looking round and making myself known.

"I'd think we'd better have tea," said the first voice. "It's more refreshing than coffee. Oh, how is Mary to day? Think of my never asking before!"

"Mary is poorly," said Mrs. Russell. "Oh, Mrs. Cullen, what a pity it is that flitting young minister came down to Vale of Cruix. I don't know what Mrs. Stevenson was about to let him do as he did. We all thought he was courting Mary. She did, poor child. She loved him dearly, and the day before he went away he told her he was engaged to some girl in Glasgow. I'm afraid it's broken her heart. She told me all about it. 'Oh, Aunt Russell,' she said, 'I know I ought to be ashamed, but I can't help it. He seemed to like me so. I hope I shall die of this fever, for life is nothing to me.' Ashamed! Why, it's he that ought to be ashamed. Of all things, a minister to be a cold, cruel, flirt and that is what Hugh Macgargert is!"

I listened, but I could not move or speak. I felt as though my heart was breaking; and oh, the shame I suffered! The women drank their tea and left, and then Angelina turned to me with a cold, sarcastic smile. "I see by your face that that little story is perfectly true, Mr. Macgargert," she said.

"Angelina," I faltered, "I have done nothing that should give offense to you."

"Nothing but to love another woman," she answered. "Love her and let her see it, meaning to marry me. Don't think that I am hurt; indeed I am relieved. I should have kept my word to you but for this, but not so gladly as I once should. You are a very good-looking man, but on the whole you don't suit me. I met Mr. S. at Millport, and he does. Frankly, I have been thinking what a pity it was that I must decline his offer. As for this—Mary, is not?—wouldn't she make a very good minister's wife?"

It came to my mind that she would—that she was the only wife for me; that Angelina—splendid as she was—would never have made me happy. But I only said: "Miss Melville, if you desire to have your freedom, I have no choice."

"I desire it greatly," she answered. "It is yours," I said with a bow. After that I think we were both happier than we had been for days, and shaking hands we parted.

That night I went up to the Vale of Cruix, and I told Mary that my marriage was broken off and that she was the only woman I had ever loved. She tried to summon up her pride and refuse me, but failed in the attempt, and let me take her to my heart.

To-day I am pastor of the church at the Vale of Cruix; Mary is my wife, and we are as plain and quiet a pair as you could fancy. I often help my wife pick currants for tea, and have taken a turn at the garden when help is scarce. But I do not envy Mr. S. for his wife, nor pine for the luxurious possibilities that I lost with Angelina. Mary and my little home content me.

Stage Lovers.

The affection between stage lovers is often so well acted that no one suspects the real feeling which exists between them. A writer in the New Orleans Democrat says that he knew of two actors of the opposite sex who positively disliked each other, but were forced by their parts into the most devoted tenderness of conduct. One night as he was playing at love she was to rush into his arms; being a true artist, she did her work with energy, and between speeches he muttered: "You need not swallow me." She replied: "You are too bitter a dose." While holding her in food embrace, wrapped in delicious transpiration, he growled in a whisper: "Don't lean so hard against a man." With her head in tender repose upon his breast, she retorted: "You are paid for holding me, and I intend that you shall earn your salary." They never made up and never married. She married another actor, and clings still to the dislike for the man with whom she plays.

A church in Bavaria accommodating 1,000 people has been built almost entirely of papier-mache, which can be supplied at a cost little above that of plaster. It can be made to imitate the finest marble, and takes a polish superior to slate.

Laughing and Crying.

The approach of age shows itself about the eyes. Lines come, faintly at first, then deeper and deeper, until the incipient crow's feet are indicated, developed, revealed. The woman who, looking in her glass, perceives these fatal lines diverging from the outer corner of her eyes, knows that she has reached an era in her life. She recognizes it with a sigh, if she be a vain, a lovely or a worldly woman; with a smile, perhaps, if she has children in whom she can live her own youth over again. But it can never be a gay smile. None of us, men or women, like to feel youth—that precious possession—slipping away from us. But we should never be on the lookout for crow's feet or gray hairs. Looking for them is sure to bring them, for thinking about them brings them. Tears form a part of the language of the eye, which is eloquent enough when sparingly used, and which should be sparingly used for other reasons than that of adding to their mute eloquence. Tears are a disfiguring expression of emotion, and those who get into the habit of weeping over very small vexations do much towards acquiring a care-worn, miserable expression, and are sure to look old before their time. Excessive weeping has been known not only to injure but actually destroy the sight. Few women look pretty, or even interesting, in tears, though it has long been a pleasant fiction in poetry and romance to suppose that they do. Many women, some men and most children make most disfiguring and distorted grimaces while crying; and the lady who thinks she can work upon a man's feelings by a liberal display of tears should carefully study a becoming mode of producing them before her looking glass. Grimaces soften no hearts, and tears accompanied by the usual distortion have a hardening effect, if not a visible one. In a pretty, written book, now probably out of print, purporting to be the story of the life of one of Milton's wives, the author makes that poet say of his wife's eyes after crying that they resembled "the sun's clear shining after rain"—a very pretty natural object indeed, but during the rain itself the observer is not inclined to be so complimentary. Grimaces of a somewhat similar order are frequently made during the action of laughter. Care should always be taken with children to prevent their falling into this habit. It frequently reaches such a pitch as to render the face positively ugly. The face is distorted and out of drawing, the eyes disappear and the lips are drawn up, revealing half an inch of pale pink gum. This peculiarity sometimes runs in families, partly from unbecoming imitation. I know one family whose grimaces during laughter are most ludicrously alike. When they are all assembled at the dinner table and a joke goes round there is not a single eye left in the family. Much, if not all, of this could be prevented by due care in childhood. The laugh can be cultivated quite as much as the voice. Actresses take lessons in laughing, with occasionally very charming results. I do not, however, advise that such teaching should begin in early childhood, lest it might destroy spontaneity and produce an effect of artificiality; but I very strongly recommend mothers to check a disposition to make grimaces during their children's indulgence of mirth.—[Whitehall Review.]

NONE WHATEVER.—We can see to-day no hope for the republican party not based on democratic blunders. Its plight is even worse than it seems to be. Neither the stalwarts nor the half-breeds have anything to offer which will command attention and union. The only hope is the independent wing, almost without organization, which demands administrative and revenue reform while holding fast to all that is good in the republican policy. The stalwarts and half-breeds must come to their terms or defeat is almost certain in 1884. Will they do it?—[Boston Herald, rep.]

A GARBLE IN DIPHTHERIA.—In houses where diphtheria is or has been the family should gargle throats with alcohol on the first indication of soreness or cough. The alcohol will destroy the membranous fungus speedily. A successful down town physician says that "where this treatment has had an early chance the knowledge of no case terminating fatally."—[Philadelphia Times.]

It is claimed that a full feed of hay to horses, following the feed of concentrated food, is wasteful, for the reason that it crowds the first out of the stomach before proper digestion has been accomplished. And so, in order to secure best results, hay should be fed at first and the concentrated food afterwards.

A Vermont debating society will tackle the question: "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle or a woman try to drive a nail?"

GO EAST! GO WEST! GO NORTH!

VIA LOUISVILLE

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

3—DAILY TRAINS—3

Louisville to Cincinnati

THE EAST AND NORTH.

4—DAILY TRAINS—4

Louisville to St. Louis

AND THE WEST.

2—DAILY TRAINS—2

Louisville to Indianapolis, Chicago,

AND THE NORTH.

Day Coaches and Pullman Cars Through Without Change.

For Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

This is the Very Best Route, as You Have No Change of Train.

Have Through Day Coaches on All Trains

Have No Midnight Changes!

Arrive at St. Louis 9 Hours in Advance of Other Lines, thereby saving more time to make change of cars and getting first choice of seats in cars connecting lines.

To Indianapolis and Chicago, and the only line giving its patrons a 17-mile ride along the shores of Lake Michigan.

For Tickets, Rates, Time, Maps, etc., apply to Ticket Agents of Connecting Lines, or to J. B. HAWES, Southern Passenger Agent, R. C. Cor. 4th and Main Sts., Louisville, Ky. Or, to J. B. HILL, Gen'l. Freight Agent, Leabon, Kentucky.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL R. R.

—BY PAR—

—THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO—

CINCINNATI!

And decidedly the Popular Route, affording, as it does, less changes and superior accommodations to Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Texas,

The North, Northwest and West. In fact, if you come to Louisville in any direction, your interest will be best served by purchasing your ticket via K. C. and Cincinnati. It is the shortest way to all the great cities of the West. Pullman Palace Cars, Elegant New Day Coaches, and Handsomely Furnished Sleeping Cars form the unequalled equipment of this Old Reliable, thereby making a trip over this line one of luxurious comfort and pleasure. Try it.

TIME TABLE, IN EFFECT OCT. 15, 1932.

	South.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Lvs. Lexington	8:00 a.m.	9:30 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	
Lvs. Ashland	8:40 a.m.	10:10 p.m.	1:40 p.m.	
Lvs. Cincinnati	10:00 a.m.	11:30 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	11:30 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:40 p.m.	
Lvs. Ashland	12:10 p.m.	1:40 p.m.	2:10 p.m.	
Lvs. Cincinnati	1:40 p.m.	3:10 p.m.	3:40 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	2:10 p.m.	3:40 p.m.	4:10 p.m.	
Lvs. Ashland	2:50 p.m.	4:20 p.m.	4:50 p.m.	
Lvs. Cincinnati	3:20 p.m.	4:50 p.m.	5:20 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	4:50 p.m.	6:20 p.m.	6:50 p.m.	
Lvs. Ashland	5:30 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	
Lvs. Cincinnati	6:00 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	8:00 p.m.	

MAYSVILLE DIVISION.

No. 1 Lvs. Lexington 8:00 a.m. Arr. Maysvill 10:00 a.m.
No. 2 Lvs. Maysvill 10:00 a.m. Arr. Lexington 12:00 p.m.
No. 3 Lvs. Lexington 1:00 p.m. Arr. Maysvill 3:00 p.m.
No. 4 Lvs. Maysvill 3:00 p.m. Arr. Lexington 5:00 p.m.

No. 5 runs daily, and has day coaches from Cincinnati to Lexington. Pullman Palace Cars to Lexington. Stops only at stations on K. C. R. R. No. 6 runs daily, except Sunday; has through coaches from Lexington to Cincinnati. Stops only at Lexington, and at stations on Cincinnati. No. 7 runs daily, except Sunday; has through coaches from Lexington to Cincinnati. Stops only at Lexington, and at stations on Cincinnati. No. 8 runs daily, except Sunday; has through coaches from Lexington to Cincinnati. Stops only at Lexington, and at stations on Cincinnati.

For full and complete information, apply to Ticket Agents of Connecting Lines, or to J. B. HAWES, Southern Passenger Agent, R. C. Cor. 4th and Main Sts., Louisville, Ky. Or, to J. B. HILL, Gen'l. Freight Agent, Leabon, Kentucky.

Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railway.

TIME TABLE

In effect Nov. 24, 1932.

CINCINNATI SOUTHERN DIVISION.

STATIONS.

	North.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Lvs. Cincinnati	8:00 a.m.	9:30 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	8:40 a.m.	10:10 p.m.	1:40 p.m.	
Lvs. Ashland	10:00 a.m.	11:30 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	11:30 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:40 p.m.	
Lvs. Ashland	12:10 p.m.	1:40 p.m.	2:10 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	1:40 p.m.	3:10 p.m.	3:40 p.m.	
Lvs. Ashland	2:10 p.m.	3:40 p.m.	4:10 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	2:50 p.m.	4:20 p.m.	4:50 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	3:20 p.m.	4:50 p.m.	5:20 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	4:50 p.m.	6:20 p.m.	6:50 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	5:30 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	6:00 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	8:00 p.m.	

ALABAMA GREAT SOUTHERN, I. M.

Lvs. Atlanta 8:00 a.m. Arr. Mobile 10:00 p.m.

Lvs. Birmingham 8:40 a.m. Arr. Mobile 10:40 p.m.

Lvs. Meridian 9:20 a.m. Arr. Mobile 11:20 p.m.

Lvs. Mobile 12:00 p.m. Arr. Atlanta 8:00 a.m.

Lvs. Mobile 12:40 p.m. Arr. Birmingham 9:40 a.m.

Lvs. Mobile 1:20 p.m. Arr. Atlanta 9:20 a.m.

Lvs. Mobile 2:00 p.m. Arr. Birmingham 10:00 a.m.

Lvs. Mobile 2:40 p.m. Arr. Atlanta 10:00 a.m.

Lvs. Mobile 3:20 p.m. Arr. Birmingham 10:40 a.m.

Lvs. Mobile 4:00 p.m. Arr. Atlanta 10:40 a.m.

Lvs. Mobile 4:40 p.m. Arr. Birmingham 11:20 a.m.

Lvs. Mobile 5:20 p.m. Arr. Atlanta 11:20 a.m.

Lvs. Mobile 6:00 p.m. Arr. Birmingham 12:00 p.m.

Lvs. Mobile 6:40 p.m. Arr. Atlanta 12:00 p.m.

Lvs. Mobile 7:20 p.m. Arr. Birmingham 12:40 p.m.

Lvs. Mobile 8:00 p.m. Arr. Atlanta 12:40 p.m.

Lvs. Mobile 8:40 p.m. Arr. Birmingham 1:20 p.m.

Lvs. Mobile 9:20 p.m. Arr. Atlanta 1:20 p.m.

Lvs. Mobile 10:00 p.m. Arr. Birmingham 2:00 p.m.

Lvs. Mobile 10:40 p.m. Arr. Atlanta 2:00 p.m.

Lvs. Mobile 11:20 p.m. Arr. Birmingham 2:40 p.m.

Lvs. Mobile 12:00 p.m. Arr. Atlanta 2:40 p.m.

ROBBER

GERMAN INVIGORATOR!

Thousands of graves are annually robbed of their victims, live, vigorous, happy and health restored by use of the great German Invigorator.

1893.

Harper's Magazine!

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Magazine begins its fifty-fifth volume with the December number. It is not only the most popular illustrated magazine in America and England, but also the largest in its class, the most beautiful in its appearance, and the most valuable for its contents. It is a monthly magazine for the home, for the library, for the school, for the church, for the club, for the family, for the individual. It is a magazine of the highest quality, of the highest interest, of the highest value. It is a magazine that will give you the best of everything that is going on in the world. It is a magazine that will give you the best of everything that is going on in the world.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine \$1.00
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For full and complete information, apply to Ticket Agents of Connecting Lines, or to J. B. HAWES, Southern Passenger Agent, R. C. Cor. 4th and Main Sts., Louisville, Ky. Or, to J. B. HILL, Gen'l. Freight Agent, Leabon, Kentucky.

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Dot Oatmeal.

He was a full blooded American, and he had been second-hand and "hand-me-down" clothing dealers in his life time and gone them one better. He entered the Israelite's shop, and elevating his hand to the level of his ears and shaking it parallel with his shoulders, exclaimed: "How you vas, mine frend?"

"I was not so very well," replied Moses.

"Haf you a forty-five dollar oaser coat vat was made to order for a student, vot you sell me for three dollars?"

Moses looked at the wood-bench purchaser from head to foot. "Vas you an orphan?"

"No, I was an orphan, but I haf a brudder mit Schattam street vot sells goods vot vas an orphan."

"I tink you vas give me tady."

"Well, how about that overcoat, old man?" suggested the prospective purchaser, in regular U. S. language.

"Leac, vill you show de gentleman dot make to order Brince Albert oasercoat, vot you puy vot week mit dot student?"

The coat was produced and thoroughly inspected.

"You vill sell dot coat for drei dollars?" asked the purchaser.

"How could I do dot, my frend? I could not sell him to mine brudder for less dan twenty-five."

"Perhaps your sister would take it off your hands for fifteen," suggested the buyer.

"But I haf no sister," said Moses.

"I tink you vas no puy dot coat; you vas come mit shoakes on me."

"Now, mine frend," commenced the buyer, again giving the sign manual, "vot vas de least monish vot you take mit dot coat?"

Moses face brightened. "I vill sell dot coat for fifteen dollar; but if you offer tell a lifin' soul vot you pay for him, I vas a ruled man."

"Haf lost dot combination mit my safe, but I vas gif you five dollar out from mine pocket book."

"I could not sell dot oasercoat for less dan ten dollar," said Moses. "I vas lose a ten dollar pill mit him den."

"Will you take the V?" asked the purchaser, as he got to the door.

"Leac, you may do up the oasercoat for the gentleman. He is a peculiar frend mit me."—[The Judge.]

Sudden Rise in Stock.

Less than a year ago, when a Virginia murderer had only twenty-four hours in which to prepare for the scaffold, a clergyman wrestled with him for a long time in hopes to see him weaken and prepare his soul for the great change. The prisoner was calm, but obdurate, and the minister finally asked:

"My friend, can it be that you do not see the gulf which yawns before you?"

"Look-a-here," replied the man, as he squarely faced his visitor. "There's a heap of botting going on outside as to how I'd bear myself on the scaffold. At long as two weeks ago odds of three to one was offered that I'd witt when the hour came."

"Is it possible?"

"And I put my brother Tom up to go around and fasten all such bets, and he's got \$1,000 depending on how I act to-morrow."

"Poor man! Poor man!"

"That's all right. I want to believe I have been forgiven, and I want to think I'm going straight to heaven, but I'm not going to shed tears and knock my knees together and play booby and let the crowd scoop brother Tom's pockets! Tom has stock in me, and that stock is going to rise 100 per cent."—[Wall St. News.]

The Fatal Soap.

A little boy went out to swim, and took a cake of soap with him, and slipped and fell into the water. And when he on the bank arose, one long, last downward look he gave, and then into the water dove. And trying to regain the top, in vain, alas! he tried to flop—he went so fast he couldn't stop. His limbs were soaped from heel to hip; he couldn't get a half-way grip, for every time he tried he slipped. The water no resistance gave, and so beneath the murky wave he found a wet, untimely grave. With thrilling, thundering thumping thud, he struck the misty, moisty mud; and turkeys fattened on his blood. We dedicate this little hymn to little boys of supple limb who soap themselves before they swim.—[Denver Tribune.]

"Ugh!" exclaimed Brown, "I believe I shall freeze to death; but I've got to die sometime," he added, "and I might as well die that way as any other."

"Much better," replied Fogg, consolingly; "you'll have such an excellent chance to thaw out on the other side, you know."—[Horton Tracey.]

Tricky Girls.

The haberdash dry goods clerk in this glorious country are up to a great deal of snuff of various kinds, as the following give-away by a prominent dry goods man will show. Allow us to remark, however, that this is the experience of a Columbus (O.) man and not, as some may suppose, of a Louisville concern. Says the merchant: "Lately I have noticed a large number of young ladies entering my store who had no packages in their hands when they came in but who always left with one or two, but no corresponding check was sent to the desk with cash. I made up my mind to watch this closer for a time, and you may imagine my surprise (what a greener he must have been) at the discovery I made. One day a prominent young lady came into the store, went up to the clerk upon whom she lavished the wealth of her affection and began a conversation with him. The clerk took down some goods and began showing them, keeping up an animated conversation for 10 minutes. Then the clerk reached down under the counter, handed her a little package wrapped up in the paper we use in the store, and the young lady said to me: 'I immediately tackled the young man to know what the package contained and what the movement meant. Finding that he had been caught, he made a clean breast of the affair, and told me that the girls did not like to come down town without conveying the idea of having been shopping, and as it was not always convenient to trade when down, they had become sharp enough to put up this little racket of getting their clerk friends to make up packages of clothing—empty boxes, waste paper, &c.,—for them, which they could carry out of the store and thus fill the souls of other girls with envy. At the same time it gave them an excellent opportunity to see their fellows, and that was worth considerable to them.'"

A wolf who had a dispute with a hyena determined to destroy him, and therefore went to the lion for advice. "Set a trap for him," was the reply, "and when you have caught him eat him." The wolf went away and laid a snare beside the path often traversed by the enemy, but just as he was cackling with satisfaction he blundered into the trap himself and was held fast. In this emergency along came the lion, who called out, "by George! what's all this?" "I'm fast in my own trap," humbly replied the wolf. "So I see. I came out here expecting to help you eat the hyena; but, as the case now stands, I shall help the hyena to eat you." "But I set this trap by your advice," protested the wolf. "True, you did, and I advised you to set one for you as well. Odds is the difference to me whether I eat wolf or hyena." Moral—The lawyer gets his pay no matter how the suit goes.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION, SEA LION. "The sea lion don't know whether he's a bear or a fish, but his tale votes the full ticket in favor of the fish by a large majority. He looks in the face like a ingrubber cat, and his ulster is just like it wuz varnish, and they ain't no pockets in it. See lians has mustaches, but the shave all the rest of 'em, and then wen the open there mouth you make up your mind that you'll never ask 'em to sing any more. They wouldn't make primer donors. See lians are bald and for fear you mightn't think the wuz, the spread the haid all over 'em. If I had to be a sea lion id rather be a wale."—[Golden Days.]

"I thought that you came here to attend your mother's funeral," said a man to an acquaintance whom he met at a show. "Well, yes," he replied, "I was called to attend the funeral, but when I arrived I found the circus in town, so I concluded to come here. You know that in Arkansas you can go to a funeral any time, but let me tell you a circus is the best."—[Arkansas Traveler.]

MEASURING CORN.—The following is stated to be a nearly correct rule for measuring corn in cribs: Having leveled the corn in the crib, measure the length, breadth and depth, and multiply them together, and deduct from the product one fifth, and you have the number of bushels in the ear; for shelled corn, take one-half of this. To be strictly correct add half a bushel for every one hundred.

Ex-Congressman John F. Potter, who, being challenged by Roger A. Pryor in 1860, named Bowie knives as the weapons and a locked room as the battle-ground, is dying in the poor farm-house at Muskogee, Wis.

"Now, my dear brethren, we will proceed to sell the personal property of the deceased," said a preacher in Hickman county, Tenn., at the close of his funeral oration.

Mr. P. Delahanty, 412 Water st., Louisville, Ky., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of dyspepsia and general debility."

One Thing God Couldn't Do.

A new railway had been opened through a bleak and unsettled section of the country, and had been in operation only a short time when a heavy snow began falling and soon completely blocked the road, stopping the train with a single passenger car far from any place of habitation. There were a dozen or more travelers, but as the prospect of relief within a few hours was good they were taking the unpleasant situation calmly. Among them was a tall, lank lay-preacher, whose countenance was chiefly remarkable for a preternaturally large mouth. Soon after the train came to a standstill he arose at the forward end of the car and with the blandest professional smile began: "Now, brethren and sisters, we've got to stay here shut up together for an hour or two, so let us make the best of it. I say brethren and sisters because we are all brethren and sisters—sint that so? We're all christians, ain't we? Of course we are. Now let's have a little experience meeting here. Why not? We all love the Lord, don't we? We all believe He knows best what is good for us, don't we? Of course we do. Well, let's talk about Him a little. To begin with, we all believe there's nothing the Lord couldn't do if he wanted to—we all believe that, don't we?" At this point a green-looking countryman, who had been watching the smiling speaker with close interest, started him by saying: "Waal, now, I dunno 'bout that. I tink I know one thing the Lord couldn't do." "Oh! do you?" exclaimed the preacher with great delight. "Do you, indeed? Well let us hear from you. Speak up loud and let us all hear what it is the Lord couldn't do!" "Waal," said the countryman, with great deliberation, "He couldn't ha' made your mouth any bigger unless he'd ha' sot your ears back." This ended the conference meeting.

THE TWO REMEDIES.—The Breckinridge News closes an article on the frightful increase of lawlessness in Kentucky, as follows: "There are but two remedies for this state of affairs. One, the best and safest, is the strict enforcement of the several laws against crime through the proper legal channels; and the other is the summary suppression of lawlessness by the strong hand of popular indignation—the Cossack method, as it were. If the written law can not be made to prevail, then the people's law must take matters in hand. What jury will pot or can not do vigilance committees must accomplish. Crime in Kentucky must be put down even if the mob is compelled to take matters in hand. This would be a fearful alternative, but it is an alternative that Gov. Blackburn is fast forcing upon the people of the State."

Thursday, in Louisville, Henry Tyler was arraigned for trial for the murder of Joshua Gregory. It turned out, however, that in the indictment the name of the victim was spelled "Johua" instead of Joshua, and the indictment was dismissed. The murderer is still in jail, and will be taken before another grand jury but he gains the much coveted time, and since the weapon with which the crime was committed has been spirited away and the witnesses have all but one disappeared, the chances for his acquittal are extra good.

A country fellow stepped into a fruit store and invested in a nickel's worth of chestnuts. In about half an hour he returned and handed the proprietor one of the nuts. "What does this mean?" asked the dealer. "Well," remarked the customer, "that is the only sound chestnut I found in the pint and thought you had put it in by mistake. I am an honest man and don't want to take a mean advantage of a fellow."—[Athens (Ga.) Banner.]

"Joseph Welsh is an old lusher, and, like many a good fellow, he thinks he can monkey with the liquid damnation without the old stuff downing him. He tried it again Sunday, and, as usual, he was run in." That is the way a Western paper states that an habitual drunkard got intoxicated and was taken to the station by the police. Don't say this language has no synonyms!

In 1881, 18,670 persons were killed by snakes in India and 2,757 by wild animals; 45,009 cattle were destroyed by snakes and wild animals during the same year; 25,968 snakes and 15,274 wild animals were destroyed, and 102,810 rupees were paid by the government in rewards for their destruction.

The finest building on this continent is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Mexico. It was built 300 years ago on the site of the Aztec temple, and gold was used by the ton and precious stones by the thousand in its ornamentation.

No matter how shattered the system may be from excess of any kind, the Great German Investigator will secure health and happiness. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford.

Knight of the Garter.

The writer has often been asked what is meant by a Knight of the Garter? and thinking it might be of interest to some of our readers give the following explanation: The Order of the Garter is one of the oldest and highest orders of Knighthood among the English. About the time of its origin and its cause, there has been a great deal of dispute; some saying it was established by Richard I, in 1199, others, and the weight of authority, attribute it to Edward III, but differ as to the cause of its being founded, some claiming that in 1246 Edward at the battle of Cressy used his garter as a battle signal, and having gained a victory established the order as commemorative of that event in 1249; while the popular story attributes it to an accident that befell the Lady Salisbury, who having lost her garter at a ball, the King handed it to her with this remark: "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Whether this is true or not, the garter is one of the insignia of the order and worn by all the members. It is of pure silk with gold fringes and the above motto worked on it. The order originally was composed of only 26 members, but this number is frequently increased by statute to 30 or more. The true name of the order is *equites aurei periscelidis*.

The member of the Legislature for the State of Indiana explained the fact that on his salary of \$1,000 he had in one session saved \$30,000 by saying: "It's all owing to my wife's belated economical in not keepin' a hired girl that we've saved so much."

Mr. John E. Talbot, Louisville, Ky., says Brown's Iron Bitters has cured him of neuralgia of long standing.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. It acts directly upon the blood and the mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford.

If Catarrh has destroyed your sense of smell and hearing, Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure you, 75 cents per bottle. Druggists sell it.

\$100 REWARD

Is offered for any case of Catarrh that can't be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. Price, 75 cents.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7. I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. I have tried everything I saw in the papers, and I could not get better. I have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but no relief. I took Brown's Iron Bitters, and I feel like a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel better. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trip regularly. I can eat any food I like. I am a great admirer of your medicine. D. C. Mace.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Dr. J. C. Williams, Lowell, Mass., and sold in trade-mark wrapper.

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AT COST!

CLOSE OUT!

Our store room having been sold, we are compelled to close out our stock of goods at cost. In order to do so, we will from to-day offer our entire stock at cost. It embraces

Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Boots, Shoes,

And in fact everything usually kept in a first-class store. They were bought low and we can offer them at prices that will astonish the nation. Come early and get first choice.

J. & J. W. BAILEY, 101-42 Broadway, N.Y.

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THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell!
 Thy mellow tone I love to hear,
 I was a boy when first they fell
 To melody upon my ear;
 In those dear days long past and gone
 When sporting here in loveliness,
 The magic of thy Sabbath bell,
 Awakened emotions deep in me.

Long years have gone, and I have strayed
 Out of the world, far, far away,
 But thy dear tones have round me played
 On every lovely Sabbath day.
 When striding o'er the mighty plains
 Spread widely in the unexplored West,
 Each Sabbath morn'g I have heard thy strains
 Telling the welcome day of rest.

Upon the Rocky mountain's crest,
 Where Christian feet have never trod,
 In the deep bosom of the West
 I've thought of thee and worshiped thee!

Ring on, sweet bell! I've come again
 To hear thy cherished call to prayer,
 There's love of pleasure now that pains
 In those dear tones which fill my ear.

Ring on, ring on, dear bell I sing on!
 Once more I've come with whitened head
 To hear thee bell. The sounds are gone!
 I shall be gone, and may no more
 Give ear to thee, sweet Sabbath bell!
 Dear church and land, so loved of yore,
 And childhood's happy home, farewell.

CHRISTMAS CHAT.

—As the Christmas tree is bent so is the youthful heart made glad.

—He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," was the great founder of the gladdest feast of Christmas, and it is in His honor that we uphold the feast and gladden the hearts of the little ones He loved so dearly. It is a pleasure, a holy pleasure, to make their smiles brighter, their laughter cheerier and more musical. Let us all, then, properly celebrate Christmas Day.

—Happy, happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailors and travelers thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!

—Now comes Christmas to remind us we may make our lives sublime and departing, leave behind scores of slippers, numbered "nine."—[Stillwater Lumberman. Slippers that perhaps another who shall in your footsteps tread—a preferred and bigger brother—may wish they were "tens" instead.—[Rome Sentinel. Slippers that perhaps a mother, striving hard to make ends meet, will use upon your wild young brother, because he won't keep off the street.

—Christmas falls on Monday this year, and severe storms are predicted. The storm will likely break when the youngsters wake up and find their stockings filled with chunks of coal.

—The morning dawns, and the household is awakened by the sound of drum and fife. But it is not war. It is not the summons to go out and slaughter the Zulus. Nay, brethren, it is Christmas.—[New York Express.

BLACKSTONE.—Mr. Blackstone was a man who flourished several years ago and wrote a little work on English law and primogeniture, salvage, replevin, plea in abatement, ouster, onus probandi,oyer and terminer, and other evils of his time. He would go out and weed onions an hour or two and then come in and swear a few lines, after which he would dish off a poem on babes corpus, the non-suit, misjoinder, chattel mortgage, mayhem, misfeasance or other beauties of nature. He was at home while dealing with messages, messeu process, torts mandamus and high certiorari. Blackstone has been more largely quoted perhaps than any other humorist in the English language. His favorite joke was called the rule in Shelley's case, and he loved to monkey with the *lex non scripta* and assumption. Blackstone is now dead. His parents also are dead. They were cut down in their youth.—[Boomerang.

Justice: "Mr. Snickleftz, you will please come forward and be sworn."

Mr. Snickleftz (who is an ex-justice himself and is up to "snuff"): "Chudge, I like not dot."

"Justice: "Why what's the matter? You and Mr. Barstow, who will be here to testify directly, were the only persons who saw the assault, and we are depending on your evidence."

Mr. Snickleftz: "Chudge, I w'd like dot Parstow to testify first."

Justice: "Why do you wish him to testify first, Mr. Snickleftz?"

Mr. Snickleftz: "Because, Chudge, dot Parstow is a rascal, and if he testifies after me, he w'd make me out a liar."

Gilbert Watton Patrick, the oldest jockey in the world, was buried in New York city, Saturday. He was in good health up to less than two weeks ago. He caught cold at Jerome Park, and died of pneumonia. He rode at least 2,000 horses in over 5,000 races, winning about 4,000. In purses, stakes and matches he won for owners upwards of \$2,000,000, not losing over \$200,000, and yet died very poor.

Bill Nye's Engagement Broken.

"I have just received a letter from my friend, Bill Nye, of the Laramie City Boomerang, wherein he informs me that he is engaged to the beautiful and accomplished Lydia E. Pinkham, of 'Vegetable Compound' fame, and that the wedding will take place on next Christmas. To be sure, I am expected at the wedding, and I'll be on hand if I can secure a clean shirt by that time and the roads ain't too bad. But I am somewhat at a loss what to get as a suitable present, as Bill informs me in a postscript to his letter that gifts of Bibles, albums, nickel-plated pickle dishes, chromos with frames and the like will not be in order, as it is utterly impossible to pawn articles of this kind in Laramie City."—[The Bohemian.

We are sorry that the above letter, which we dashed off in a careless moment, has been placed before the public, as later developments have entirely changed the aspect of the matter, the engagement between ourself and Lydia having been rudely broken by the young lady herself. She has returned the solitaire filled ring, and henceforth we can be nothing more to each other than friends. The promise which bade fair to yield so much joy in the future has been ruthlessly yanked asunder, and two young hearts must bleed through the coming years. Far be it from us to say aught that would reflect upon the record of Miss Pinkham. It would only imperil her chances in the future, and deny her the satisfaction of gathering in another guileless sucker like us. The truth, however, cannot be evaded that Lydia is no longer young. She is now in the acre and yellow leaf. The gurgle of girlhood and the romping, careless grace of her childhood are matters of ancient history alone. We might go on and tell how one thing brought on another till the quarrel occurred, and hot words and an assault and battery led to this estrangement, but we will not do it. It would be wrong for a great, strong man to take advantage of his strength and the public press to speak disparagingly of a young thing like Lydia. No matter how unreasonably she may have treated us, we are dumb and silent on this point. Journalists who have been invited and have purchased costly wedding presents may ship them by express prepaid, and we will accept them, and struggle along with our first great heart trouble while Lydia goes on in her mad career.—[Bill Nye.

A NEW PATENT PAINT.—A party of gentlemen recently made a trip on the Southeastern Railway, in England, with the object of testing the luminosity of a railway car, a portion of the interior of which had been coated with Balmoin's patent paint. The weather being dull, the zinc plates which had received three coats of the paint especially hardened, were less sensitive than would have been the case had sunshine struck directly upon them; but, notwithstanding, on entering Blackheath tunnel an agreeable equality of light came from the ceiling of the compartment and the two ends, the advertisements on which were seen clearly. The hands of a watch were also easily discerned and the headings of newspaper articles read. Containing no phosphorus, the paint was without smell.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, being requested to enforce the Sunday law of that city, replied that he would not undertake any such thing. "I believe in Sunday as a day of rest," he said, "but what is rest to one man may be labor to another. Rest is not simply doing nothing, but is a change. A man sitting at a desk all week, occupied with mental labor, finds no refreshment in a stiff-back bench in a church on Sunday. The Sunday of the Puritan fathers was beneficial to them because they spent the week in outdoor labor, but men of sedentary habits need to reverse the usage. Any attempt to compel the people of Chicago to be pious will fail, and it ought to."

A MOUSE'S NEST IN A HORSE'S HOOF.—A staid old family nag belonging to Wm. Jorres was brought to the shop to be reshoed. The hoofs had grown very long, leaving hollow grooves beneath their outer rims. On cutting away this shell to make a foundation for the shoe a hole was noticed underneath and the attention of Mr. Koster was called to it. He investigated, and found six young, living mice closely nestled within the hollow disk.—[San Diego Sun.

Maurice Bergen, of Monroe, La., felt a premonition that his death was near. He spoke to a friend, declaring that he would be dead before December 5th. He was laughed at, but his response was an offer to bet a \$75 suit of clothes—as he was a tailor—against a coffin of equal value. The wager was made, and Bergen won. The loser provided a handsome burial casket, according to agreement.

The Tricks of the Cotton Business.

"How do you think de cotton pices will come out dis year, Mieser Hofenstein?" said Herman, as he dusted off a shoe box and arranged an overcoat on a pile of clothing.

"Vell, dot vas a piness," replied Hofenstein, "vat I don't like to exbress myself about, und ven efer dink uf de mooney vat I advanced, und vat I nefer get any more, I gets so mad dot I feels dot I vill die right away mit de aboblexy."

"Who vas it svindled you, Mr. Hofenstein?"

"It vas a nigger, Herman, und his name vas Isam. My gr-r-acious, efery von says he vas de best nigger in de whole country around, und I advanced him clothing, shoes, brovians und a dollar und a half musket for vich I charged him only nine dollars, und he vas to let me puy all de cotton vat he makes. Von day I dell him if he gets de fired cotton of de season in he vill get a bromium oo it, und he says he vill haf dree bales a week before any von else. Vell, it vas not long ven von day Isam, mit a vagon und a couple uf mules, brings dree bales up cotton to my adore, de fired uf de year. A couple uf de bales velghed eight hundred und de oder velghed nine hundred. I knew de cotton vould bring twenty cents a bound, so I gif Isam don cents for it, und shust as soon as I puy it Levi Cohen offers me fifteen cents, but I only vinks at him und ask him if he dinks I vas more greener as a grasshopper. My gr-r-acious, Herman, vot you dink, after I shipped de cotton I found out dare vas a couple uf old cooking stoves in von bale, und adoud seex hundred bounds of an old vorn und saw mill in de oder, und Isam vas in Arkansas, de tief. Von de beople found out dey all laughed und said it vas a shoke, und I got so mad dot I didn't sell dot cotton to Levi Cohen for fifteen cents, dot I vas in bed a week mit de rhumadism. Herman, I don't vant nothing more to do mit de cotton piness."

Christine Nilsson told a Chicago Tribune reporter that Oscar Wilde ought to have been taken by the ear, on his arrival in this country, and led to the first outward-bound steamer. "I think that your people are too good natured," she said, "or they would never have borne with him. I know that I could not put up with his nonsense. He does not appear in Europe dressed as he does here. That would not be tolerated there. I met him in London once, and he commenced to talk to me in his peculiar way. I said to him: 'Look here, Mr. Wilde, I won't put up with such stuff. This restiticism of yours is all a humbug!' He replied: 'Thank you; you are the first sensible woman I have met.'"

There is a story of an imperial highness waltzing thrice in the same evening with an English lady at the court in Berlin. She naturally felt, and frankly confessed herself highly flattered by the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady somewhat upset, "your highness must be fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the still unsatisfactory response.

Undertaken by her ill-success, our fair Englishwoman still prosecuted her inquiries. "What, then, may I ask, can be your imperial highness' motive for dancing?" "Madame," was the exalted personage's curt reply. "I dance to perspire."

Grammatically, hash is an indefinite article; mathematically, an unknown quantity; really, always swallowed with misgivings unless you see it made and know what is in it. Men have been known to march up to the cannon's mouth without flinching; but he who can tackle a plate of the ordinary boarding house hash without the cold chills creeping down his back, deserves to sit on the rim of a cloud with harp, and twang hallo-lujahs for all time.

It is belog stated that "the odor of musk, of which the Empress Josephine was very fond, still clings to her boudoir at Malmaison, though the walls, ceiling and floor have been scraped and cleansed and the apartments fumigated repeatedly." A Vermont farmer says that is nothing remarkable. It has been the same way with his clothes and his barn since he met a polecat there.

John S. Martin & Co., produce dealers of this city, are about to ship to Glasgow three enormous cheeses, each weighing 2,000 pounds, made at Whitesboro, N. Y. The weight of the commercial cheese is 60 pounds. James Lipton, of Glasgow, is the purchaser. The cheeses will be on exhibition in this city before shipment.—[New York Paper.

Blotting paper, which not merely dries but removes a freshly made ink blot, is prepared, according to a German paper, by passing thick blotting paper through a concentrated solution of oxalic acid, and then drying very quickly.

A Georgia Editor on Early Marriages.

Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pastures without any yokes on them. They marry and have children before they do mustaches; they are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these goosing marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there were a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have all out their teeth, we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of laths to build a hen-house. But they see a girl who looks cunning, and they are afraid there is not going to be enough girls to go around, and they begin to get in their work real spry; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation, they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook-stove or bedstead, they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he doesn't run too, and when the doctor gets there there is not enough linen in the house to wrap up a doll-baby.—[Rising Fawn (Ga.) Gazette.

MARRIED OR NOT MARRIED.—Mr. Gough thinks that it is better for a woman to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because she is married. The marriage that takes all the laugh out of a woman, like the sunshine that takes all the sweetness out of the grape, is an exceedingly suspicious commodity, and ought to give the divorce doctors something to do. But the idea of trying to reconcile a woman to an unpaired life because another woman found it uncomfortable, is as absurd as to keep her from eating apples because of Mother Eve's unfortunate pomological experience.

Wolf Trap light-house, on Chesapeake Bay, Mathews county, Va., is infested by a ghost, which drives keepers of the light-house out as quickly as they are engaged. One night recently a daughter of the then keeper was slumped in the face while asleep, and for hours after bore the prints of the ghostly fingers on her cheek. The haunted house has raised a decided sensation in the county.

There is no farmer who, being able to own a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep, can afford not to house them well in the winter. He may let them eat at will from the stack or the best hay that is made, but if they have no more shelter than the stack affords, he may come to the conclusion, common to all bad agricultural practice, that farming does not pay.

At the reception tendered him Friday night in Philadelphia, Governor-elect Pattison paid, in his brief address, a touching tribute to his parents: "Whatever successes I may have been able to achieve in this life," he said, "or whatever position I have attained or may attain, I owe to the best of fathers and the purest and most noble of mothers."

The person who makes the longest and most fervent prayer is not always the greatest saint. An old hen makes a loud cackle when she lays a little egg. It's not so much on account of the egg's importance as it is the hen's estimation of the accomplishment and a desire to toot her own horn.—[Hackensack Republican.

Ex-Senator Bob Toombs, of Georgia, was on the floor of the United States Senate Saturday for the first time since he left that body in 1861 to join the rebellion. He has been in Washington frequently since then, but could never be induced to enter the Senate Chamber.

A Knoxville, Tenn., inventor announces a contrivance for preventing the lower part of men's shirts from getting too high up. The disposition of the male shirt to work its way up toward the scalp is well known. This Knoxville inventor must be an angel.

We see that General Belknap is back in Washington again. So long as the republican lamp holds out to burn in that city "the vilest sinner" may not only "retire," but you can be mighty sure he will.

A Chicago chap advertises for several steady girls to help on pantaloons. And an envious scribe says that a fellow who can't help on his own pantaloons ought to be ashamed to want girls to do it.—[Hot Springs Horse-shoe.

Something for the domestic circle—It isn't always the flower of the family that makes the best bread.

Why is love like putty and paint? Because it covers a multitude of faults.

HOLIDAYS

The following cuts represent the
 Collars and Cuffs
 —IN OUR—
 Furnishing Goods

Department, and along with them we give a few items in general stock:



Clothing,



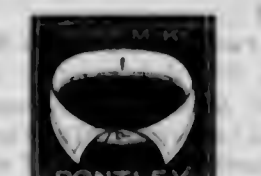
Hats and Caps,



Gloves and Ties,



Dry Goods,



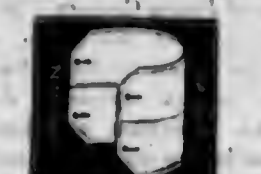
Boots and Shoes,



Rubber Goods,



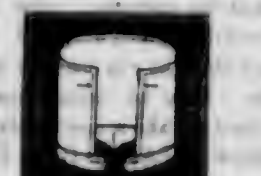
Trunks and Valises,



"Bruce's Bound Bosom" Shirts,



Underwear,



Holiday Goods,



—And a Thoroughly Equipped—

Grocery Department,

Where Every Product of the Country is bought and sold. In fact, we do a General Exchange Business through our entire line, thus giving our trade an advantage not usually found anywhere else.

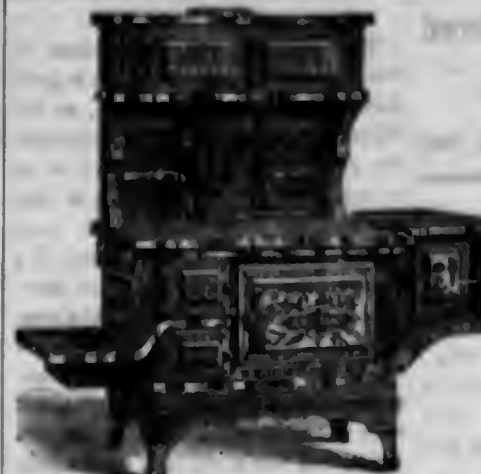
—A Large Line of—

Christmas Goods

—Now on Exhibition—

BRUCE, WARREN & CO.

AT THE "TWIN FRONTS."



I desire to call your special attention to the

JEWEL RANGE

which for utility, durability, perfection in operation, taste

to ornamentation and finish is unequalled.

THE FLUES ARE EXTRA LARGE.

Adapting the Range to any kind of fuel. The Fire Back is made in three sections. As the center burns out much faster than the ends, this piece can be replaced without the expense of the entire back. Ventilated Chamber behind the fire box, which protects the back from intense heat. The Broiling facilities are superior to any other Stove; tilt the grate and rake the coals on broiling grate, or an independent fire of charcoal built on it, if desired.

Many other conveniences are attached to this Stove, which I ask you to examine before buying. I also refer you to Mrs. Dr. T. B. Montgomery, Mrs. W. F. McKinney, Mrs. W. G. Welch, Mrs. G. H. McKinney, Mrs. S. J. Embury, Mrs. Dr. J. B. Owsley and Mrs. G. A. Lackey as to the advantages the Jewel has over other Stoves. Very respectfully,

W. H. HIGGINS.

FALL

ANNOUNCEMENT,

—1882.—

CHENAULT, SEVERANCE & CO.

—Have just received a very large stock of—

FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

Hats, Trunks,

Valises, &c., &c.

This is one of the Largest Stocks that we have ever had, and in it will be found many new and desirable goods. We invite the public generally to come and inspect our goods and learn prices before buying elsewhere.

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